Mrs. L. A. Allen

☞ For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend. ☜

MARCH.

THE LADY'S
Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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THE editor of the Lansingburg, N. Y., *Gazette* says that he will look with some curiosity to see how we will make the "Home Magazine" more interesting, adding, "we had supposed it about perfect." We hope to gratify his curiosity before the close of the eleventh and twelfth volumes.

GOOD ADVICE.—The editor of the Mount Sterling, Ill., *Times* says of "Home Magazine:

"Take it for your wife, daughter, sister, cousin, and if you have no sister of your own, give it to—to—ah—well, to somebody else's sister."

"WE DO NOT KNOW," says the Barnstable, Mass., *Patriot*, "of another American periodical which deservedly holds the same place in the family circle 'as a messenger of things pure, lovely, and of good report,' as the 'Lady's Home Magazine.'"

"LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The publication of each succeeding number is a triumph over its predecessor. There is not one publication in the State or country that we could recommend with more confidence.—*Journal, Hanover, Pa.*

"OF THE TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINES," says the Carlisle, Pa., *Herald*, "Arthur's certainly stands in the first rank. There is tone and character about it, and it is rapidly winning favor with the people."

A HINT TO BORROWERS.—The *Commonwealth*, Washington, Pa., gives borrowers of the "Home Magazine" a gentle hint, in this wise:

"It is a very popular Magazine, and is so eagerly sought after upon arrival, by borrowers, that our better half, being of an accommodating disposition, is often deprived of its use until it comes home soiled and disfigured. All such should send for it at once."

Painted by T. Uwins, R.A.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

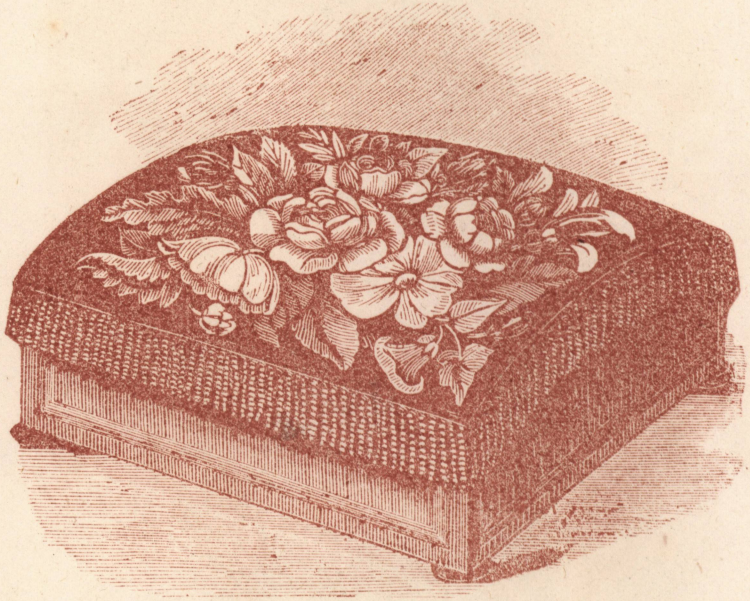
NEAPOLITAN PEASANTS

Going to the Festa of the Pie di Grotta

HOME MAGAZINE MARCH 1858.

COLLAR.

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



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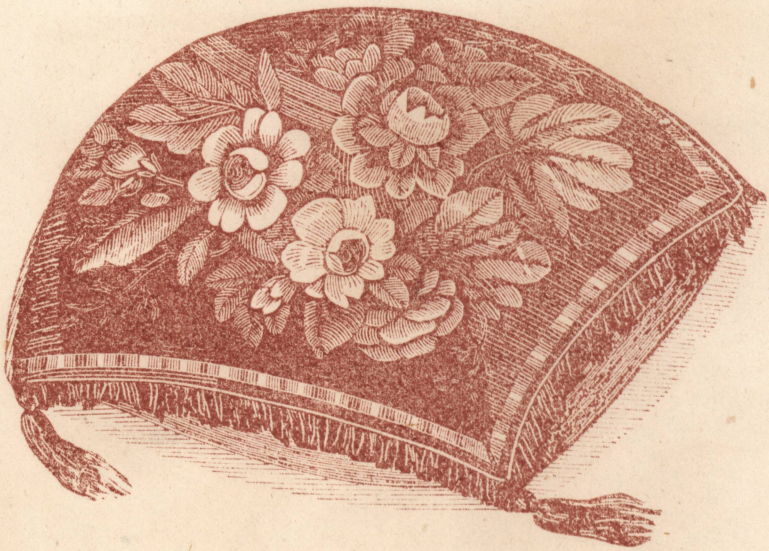

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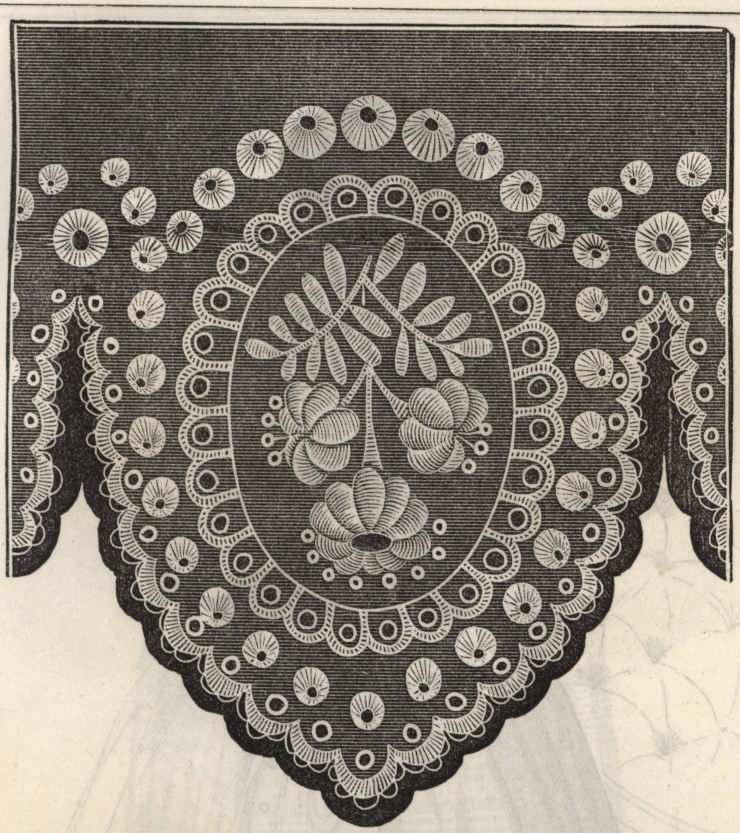
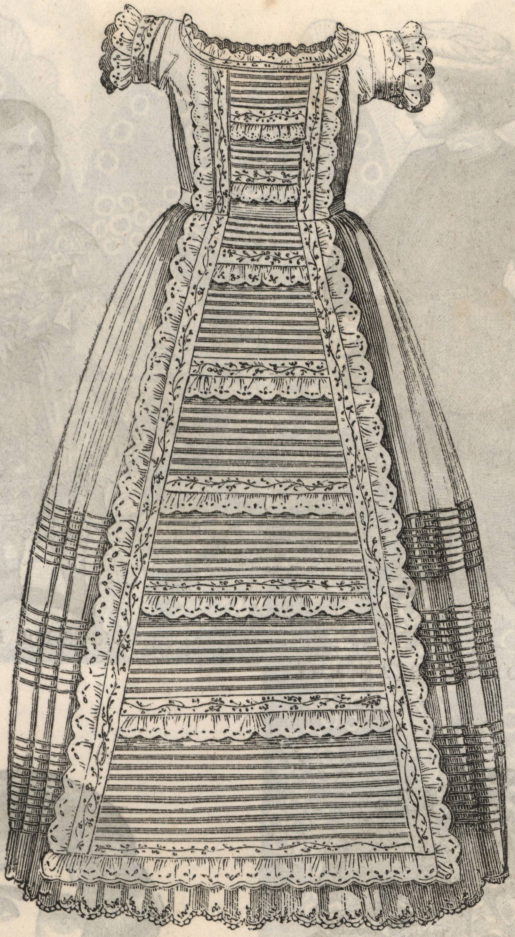


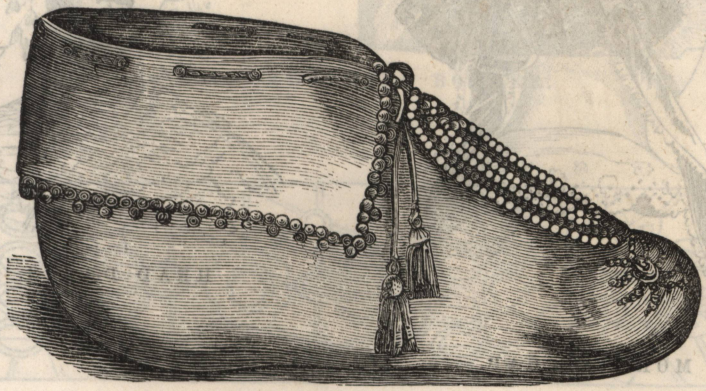
COLLAR.

PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

MORNING ROBE.



INFANT'S ROBE.



INFANT'S SHOE.

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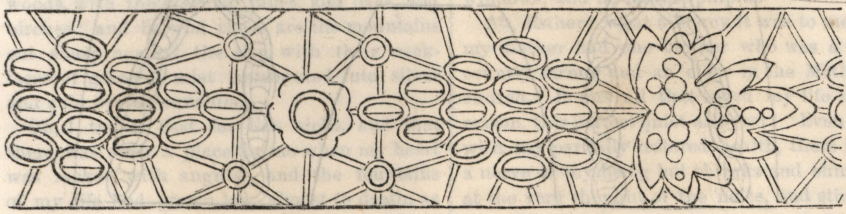
DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

MORNING CAP.

HEAD DRESS.

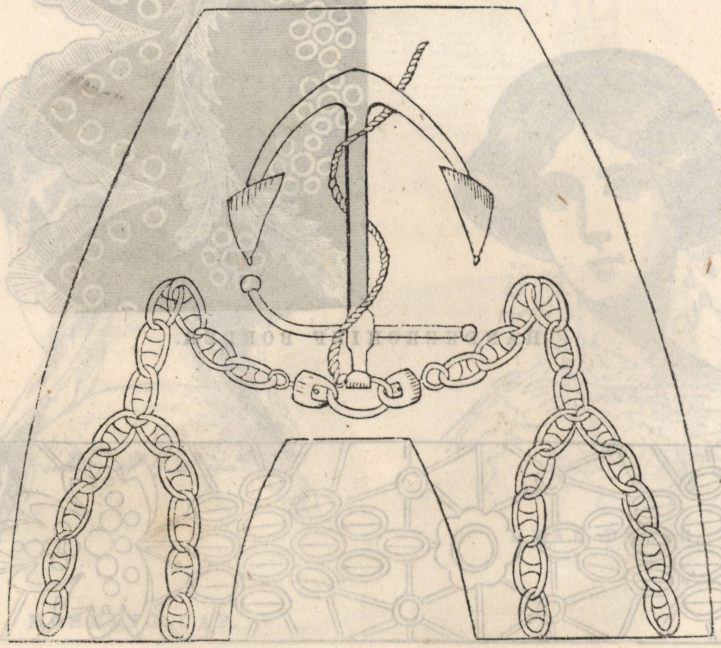
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



GUIPURE INSERTION.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



SLIPPER.

Marked with Floss Silk, on Zephyr, or Cloth ground.

THE LADY'S

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OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1858.

LETTERS TO COUSIN ESTHER HALE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

WOODCREEK, July 19.

GOOD morrow to you, most sedate, most lovable, most womanly Cousin Esther Hale!

Yesterday the doctor removed the interdict which he has so long laid upon my writing letters, and I dedicate to your matronly self-wife of a whole half year, the first epistolary stroke my pen has perpetrated since—ah, you know too well what words of misery and anguish lie beyond this 'since!' Perhaps you can imagine, after this long separation, how good it seems to get my pen once more into my fingers, and how I took my writing desk upon my lap this morning, with something that was very like a caress; but Cousin Esther, you cannot understand what a morning this is, born of sunshine, and baptized in dews, and draped with mists!

I sit here by my chamber window, among the mountains, in this corner of New Hampshire, whose beauty only seeing shall you understand. Through the wheat and oat fields near by goes the slumberous breath of the south wind, and beyond them are the woods, with their strong pines, and oaks, and birches; and beyond these are the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their necklaces of graceful mist transmuted into silver and gold by the sunshine.

Oh, I thank God for this sight, and that there was such a place for me when my heart was racked with anguish, and the fountains of my life had grown low, almost to death, as this quiet old farm-house of Uncle Gideon Ritter's.

It is only a story-and-a-half house, painted a light yellow, and the parlor carpet was woven last Autumn by Aunt Rachel's own hands, hands that I don't believe were ever voluntarily idle a waking half hour of her life.

Of course we live in a very primitive fashion; I breakfast every morning at six, and then assist Aunt Rachel for an hour or two in the dairy, or go out hunting eggs with Lucy, and I have actually learned how to churn, and spin, and knit, though I am by no means finished in any of these accomplishments.

Every day I ride horseback, except Sundays, when we all go to the Methodist church, five miles from here, in Uncle's yellow wagon, where I sit under a tin chandelier, and hear a sermon without notes, by a man that never had any schooling since he was ten years old; and sitting there in that little wooden church, I have come nearer to God, I have heard the sound of His voice, and felt the baptism of His peace as I never felt it when I bowed my head under the solemn swelling of the organ in some lofty church, with its frescoed walls, its painted windows, and its marble pulpits.

Ah, Esther! what a mercy it was to me that my mother had one brother who was a plain country farmer and an elder in the Methodist church. It was all that saved my life or my reason, this perfect quiet and rest! Even now, with my partially restored health, there is not a nerve of my being but shrinks and shudders at the very thought of the noise, and stir, and strife I have left.

God has talked to me here, in His sunshine

and His storms, in the rising and setting of the days, and here, alone with the great Head of Nature, among the everlasting mountains and the quiet valleys, I have grown calm and strong!

You know, too, how little of the world I left last May I have wotted of since that time. No letters but your's and Edward's have reached me, and if they had, I should never have dared to open them, for the least shock or excitement was more than I could have ventured to meet.

But Lucy, my faithful little amanuensis, has kept you informed of my life since I came here; you know how for nearly two weeks I lay in the sort of mental stupor which followed that terrible brain and nervous fever I had while with you.

It seemed very hard that the doctor would not allow you or Edward to accompany me here; but I see now how judicious was this decision; it was necessary I should be removed from all old ties and associations; I need not tell you they were kind to me, here, as the tenderest mother could have been. Aunt Lucy is a plain, sensible, motherly woman, with the pleasantest smile, and a heart as warm and kind as her person is ample, and Lucy, her youngest and only unmarried daughter, is much like her mother, only her figure is slender, and her face fresh, and sometimes pretty.

We have been more to each other than most sisters are, dear Cousin Esther Hale, and because we have lived together from our infancy, and because of all you have been to me, from that hour my father received you from his dying sister's arms and took you to the home of his own motherless child, I feel it is but just you should know all that "night of suffering" whose thick darkness so late rolled over my breast.

I imagine you learned much from my ravings, when I lay in that delirium of fever at your house, but you have quite likely received many wrong impressions, and it is my duty to correct them.

But if my relation is brief, and if I do not pass rapidly over the things which will most interest you, you will know that my "heart and strength have failed me," and yet I shall not rest until it is finished.

Let me see, what was I doing that morning when Ben broke so suddenly into my room? I remember, now; I was feeding my canary, and thinking I would practice "The Old Sexton" that day, so when Claude came in the evening I should be able to play it for him, as I knew the poem wedded to that sweet plaintive air would be just the kind of music he would prefer.

Then I looked up, and Ben stood before me. His face was white as I never before saw a *living* face, and it worked fearfully, as he sank down into a chair with a groan. God grant my ears may never be struck with such another.

"Ben, Ben, what *is* the matter?" and I sprang towards him.

"Don't touch me, don't come near me, Wealthy Ross, for I am a disgraced, doomed, ruined man!" and he waved me off.

I clung to the chair for support. "Oh, Ben, only tell me," I moaned out.

And he lifted up his haggard face, that face whose bright, boyish beauty had been so much my pride and joy, and told me all, and oh, Esther, do you not wonder that *I* heard it and lived?

You know that Claude was last year made President of an Insurance Company; and probably knew also that this Company had close business relations with the Bank in which Ben was then engaged as clerk. Of course this took him frequently to Claude's office, and for reasons which you can readily divine there was a warm friendship existing between the young men.

I do not comprehend exactly how it happened, but Ben had been entangled into some land speculations, and consequently was considerably involved in debt.

The notes must be met in a few days, and in order to defray these he had recourse for several nights to the gaming table. Here he met with ill luck, and found himself still further involved. You know, too, he has no available property of his own, for Papa's creditors seized everything but the house, and it was so secured in the will that we could never dispose of it during our lives.

One day Benjamin had occasion to call at Claude's office, and he entered this in a state not very easily imagined.

The latter was expecting to be absent a few days, and said to Ben, "I have just received ten thousand dollars, and placed it in that iron box, where are all my papers. It is quite likely you may want some of these, and I will leave the key with you, and you will take good care of it, as I won't take the trouble to deposit the money in the Bank, having use for it soon after my return."

Some one called Claude at that moment, and Ben took the key, and that was the last they saw of each other.

Two days went by; Ben's creditors began to press him on every side; he was well nigh distracted; there was the ten thousand dollars in the box; oh, Esther, you have guessed the rest.

He meant to pay every dollar of it before Claude returned; he was sure he would have better luck at the gaming table, and if he won a part, he could borrow the rest.

Oh, Cousin Esther! there is none on earth but you to whom I would confide this thing; but you knew my brother Ben through all his boy and early manhood. How proud we were of him. How Papa almost idolized him, and what a generous, noble-hearted boy he was, and what a tender, loving brother he has always been.

He is rash and impulsive, I know; but these are the faults of youth, and he was only twenty-one; three years our junior.

You will pity, and not reproach him, just as I did.

He was as unsuccessful as ever, at the gaming table, and that afternoon Claude was to return.

I stood still, still almost as the dead who have laid for years under Summer grasses and Winter snows, as I heard this story; but I shrieked when he uttered these words.

Claude was to return; Claude would know my brother's disgrace, and mine; I am certain he would have died himself before he would have revealed Ben's deed to the world; but I did not stop to consider, then; I only thought that *he* would know it.

"Can't you do something for me, Wealthy? What will become of me?" What white lips and burning eyes asked this question!

I sat down on the floor, and, Esther, I was *mad* for a few moments, for I prayed God to strike us both dead at once; and then I grew quiet, and sitting there with my head resting on my knees, the thought of doctor Graham crept into my mind. You know that Papa and he were school and classmates at college, and that they were very much attached to each other through all their lives.

The doctor is a man of very strong prejudices, and he never forgives or forgets a wrong; he is stern and eccentric; and since my acquaintance with Claude, I had observed a great coldness on the doctor's part, for which I could assign no cause.

But I knew that he had been more attached to my father than to any living man, and that he could not hear unmoved of his child's disgrace. I saw it would be better for me than for Ben to appear to him at this time; so I rose up, and said to my brother,

"I will do all I can to save you. Don't move from here until I return."

I do not remember that he answered me; I know he turned and looked at me with such a haggard look of helplessness and despair that it seemed to freeze my heart; I remember, too, that I parted away the thick, clustering curls from his damp forehead, and kissed it; and three minutes later I was in the street.

Doctor Graham was at home, and met me in the parlor with a good deal of surprise in his face; I don't know how I told my miserable story, but I did tell it, with words that seemed to cleave their fiery way up from my heart to my lips; and I remember, before I concluded, that the stern old doctor was walking up and down the room, his hands behind him, and the great veins in his forehead working fearfully.

"It's a bad business, a bad business," he muttered betwixt his set teeth. "I knew no good would ever come of knowing that Ashley."

"Oh, sir, it was not he; he had nothing to do with it," I cried, springing before the old man, and I grasped his hands, and I held them fast, while I prayed him to save my brother. "Remember, he is the son of the only man you ever loved; remember the days when you and his father were school boys together; oh, by all your old friendship, by all the happy hours you have passed together, and by his gray hairs that lie now so deep under the grass, I pray you, Doctor Graham save his boy from disgrace," was the burden of my prayer.

"Sit down, sit down, Wealthy, my child," answered the old man, and his voice was very gentle, as he led me to a seat, and then he walked several times up and down the room, and his tall figure swayed to and fro under its strong emotion, as a pine does when it is rocked in the tempest.

At last he came and stood before me.

"Wealthy," he said, speaking very slow and distinct, "you spoke the truth just now, when you told me your father was the only man I ever loved; for James Ross was dear to me, as though he were my own brother, and for his sake his children are to me what no other man's ever can be. Listen to me Wealthy, there is one, only one condition upon which I can save your brother, and it rests with you to refuse or accept it."

"With me! Oh, Doctor Graham, do you think there is anything upon earth I would not do to save my brother?"

"Well, then, will you promise me from this hour to break the engagement which exists between you and Claude Ashley?"

A cold shudder crept over my limbs; my lips seemed frozen together; at last they panted out,

"What wrong has he done you? Oh, anything but this?"

"What wrong has he done me?" and his eyes flashed down fire upon me. "His mother was the only woman I ever loved, and his father robbed me of her. I tell you, Wealthy Ross, instead of being this day a lonely old man, with a half withered life to look back upon, I might have been the loving husband of a noble woman, and children now coming into their young man and womanhood might have called me father. But *he* came just as her heart was beginning to turn towards me; and he won her, and blighted my whole life; and do you wonder, now, that I hate this man with the hatred that has deepened and strengthened with a score-and-a-half of years.

"I have seen this Claude Ashley, and he has his father's face; do you wonder I cannot bear the thought of James Ross's daughter being the wife of that man's son? If you were my own child, I would turn you forever from my doors, aye, I would sooner lay you in your grave, than see you marry that man; that man whom I loathe because he has the face of his father!"

"But Claude is not to blame. Oh, Doctor Graham have pity upon me."

I might as well have cried to the stones in the street. Esther, my sweet cousin, my heart grows sick, and my limbs cold, thinking of this time!

I do not remember it very distinctly, either, except once, when I cried, sharply, "Oh, Claude; Claude I cannot give you up!"

"Well, Wealthy, choose your brother's disgrace, or your own selfish happiness," answered the cold, measured tones of Doctor Graham. "Only, remember that your father was an honest man, and that if he could rise up from his grave this hour, he would reproach you that you did not at any cost to yourself save his name from reproach, his son from a criminal's cell."

Is it strange, Esther, that at last I rose up, and said, "I will do it," though it would have been far easier to say, "I will die!"

The remainder of the arrangements were matured rapidly. It was settled that Ben should sail that afternoon for California, as the doctor had friends there to whose interest he could recommend him.

"Go home, Wealthy, and tell Ben to come around here at once. The money shall be ready for him, for I will draw it from the Bank. Remember, my child, you have saved your brother." He said this in tenderer tones than I had ever heard him speak, for he looked into my face, and saw me totter toward the door.

—

"Ben, Ben, you are saved," I cried, as I reached the room, and then I sank down at his feet.

I think it must have been some time before I could acquaint him with the fact that he was to sail for California that day, and that he must at once repair to Doctor Graham's.

Poor fellow! he did not dream, as he strained me to his heart, at what a price I had purchased his ransom, and supposed I was overcome with all I had passed through, and at the thought of his leaving me.

As soon as he was gone, I remember I set to work at once about packing his trunk. Sometimes I would clasp my hands, and laugh out long and loudly, and then I would start and stare all about me, thinking it was somebody else that did this, because the laugh had just that strange, sharp, hollow ring that rang through the halls when you and I visited the Insane Asylum. I remember, too, that Ben was gone a long time, for I had finished packing his trunk, and had thrown myself on the sofa, when he broke suddenly into the room.

"Wealthy, my darling sister," he cried, "there is not a moment to spare. The boat sails in a half an hour, and I must be on board of her at once."

I rose up mechanically. "Your trunk is all packed, and ready in your room," I said, catching sight of the porter.

"Oh, Wealthy, it breaks my heart; do not look like that, or I will not leave you," he cried, coming back to me, after he had spoken to the man. "Perhaps even now I had better stay, and run all the risk."

"No, no. Go, go," I shrieked.

"Well, then, I will obey you. But listen, Wealthy, I know at what price you have purchased this; trust me, and have hope ——."

"Shure, sir," interrupted the driver, "you've only twenty minutes to get to the boat, and I can't promise my horses will carry you there if you wait any more."

Ben folded me to his heart, and his scalding tears fell a moment on my forehead. Then he was gone. I do not think I suffered at this parting, for my feelings were too palsied; but I sank back on the sofa, cold, oh, so cold!

Cousin Esther, my head has grown dizzy, and my hand trembles. I cannot bear this.

God, even our own God, be with us, prays, out of the sudden weakness that has come over it, the heart of

Your loving cousin,

WEALTHY ROSS.

WOOLWICH, Aug. 1.

Two weeks, dearest Cousin Esther Hale, have the suns risen in their beauty, and set in their imperial glory over these mountains, since last I talked with you; and I have not dared to do this again until to-day, because of the suffering that followed the writing of that letter; and because I dared not look down on the dark evening that followed that dark day, and that lies now like a fiery scroll among the records of my life.

It was very fortunate for me that Mrs. Mason, the kind lady whom you know had taken our house, and with whom my brother and I were boarding, happened to be absent that day, as my altered looks and non-appearance at table would certainly have attracted her attention. She had, however, been suddenly summoned away, and there was no one to observe these things but the two domestics.

As the night came down slowly, the night of that fair May day, I remember I tried to arouse my energies for all that was before me; I went to the glass, and smoothed my hair, and started to see how white and changed my face had grown; then I recollected I should never again braid for *his* sake the hair he had praised so often, and ———

I heard his quick steps mounting the stairs to our parlor, and for two hours my ears had been strained to catch these.

"Wealthy, it seems good to get back to you," he said, in his brief, earnest way, as he took my hands, and then he started—

"How cold they are! what ails you, my darling?"

Oh, Esther, you are a woman, and can imagine that scene better than I can write it. I never guessed, until that hour, the height and depth of Claude Ashley's love for me, and of mine for him.

At first, when I told him that our engagement must be cancelled, that he must leave me, that we must never look upon each other's faces again, and all this for a cause I could not assign, but knowing which he would forgive me, as God did, he would not believe me.

But I was calm and firm then, and repeated our sentence. At last he grew angry, and declared I had no right, promised wife of his as I was, to have any secrets which I withheld from him, and bitterest of all, he added that I did not, that I never had loved him.

"I do love you, Claude Ashley, well as ever yet woman loved man; but I am the victim of circumstances over which I have no control, and of which I am as innocent as the angels who are singing this hour before the Throne of God."

"Well, then, Wealthy, in the name of your love, tell me what these circumstances are?"

"Never! never! you will know it up there!"

"And you break our engagement?"

"Yes."

"And you can go through all your life without me?"

I smiled here. "It will be a very short life without you, Claude. Your's, or death's I must be, and I make my choice."

He broke down here utterly, Esther, he, the proud, stern, self-dependent man, sank down at my feet, and I had no comfort for him or myself.

I cannot remember how we parted; I could not write it, if I did. I know, as I stood alone in the centre of that room where I had spoken our verdict, my cheeks were wet with tears that were not my own; and as the slow footfalls died along the stairs a low mutter came up to me:

"I will see Ben, I will know what this means."

It was about ten o'clock that night, was it not, Esther, darling, when I broke into your house with that wild cry, "He has gone." I do not remember how I got there. I knew nothing that followed for the next six weeks, when I lay at your home in that long, terrible brain fever, and they thought "God had spoken to me."

You know I was too weak to allude to this subject when we parted; and you only told me that Claude had been suddenly summoned to New Orleans on business, and that he had probably not heard of my illness when he left.

I believe you had little hope of my life, then, for there was a look in your hazle eyes that said they never expected to gaze upon my living face again; but God has spared me, and with the dawning of next month the doctor says you can safely come to me, for my shattered, nervous system is gaining strength each day.

I have not heard from Ben, only the few messages you have sent me of his safe arrival, and of his love to his sister. But I know he has written to me, and when you come you need not fear to bring the letters they would not let me see before.

And so the future lies before me. Ah, me! how different from the radiant future whose radiant perspective used fairly to dim my eyes when I gazed up it six months ago.

I know that one word of mine would bring Claude back to me; but I dare not write it, for it would be staining my soul with a *lie!* I have tried to do right; I have saved my brother, and the God in whom I trust, and whose presence is my daily joy, will not desert me. I shall place my hands in His, and go whither He shall lead me.

I have written as long as it is prudent at this time. Good night, Cousin Esther.

—

Aug. 19.

All is well with me, Cousin Esther Hale, and the close of this letter will be a song, a prayer, a Thanksgiving to God who giveth us the victory.

Four days ago I started, just after dinner, for a long ride on horseback, as the doctor insists on my continuing this exercise, and I have grown to enjoy it most keenly.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with soft hazy mists slumbering on the mountains, and quiet sunshine spangling the fields, and the air was still with fragrance, and the earth was ripe with beauty.

I rode a long way, twelve miles at least; and one side of a little by-road, that communicates with the main one, I discovered a small cherry tree, its boughs laden with the fruit that ripens up here, so much later than with you. I dismounted at once, converted my handkerchief into a basket, and was pleasing myself with the thought of the surprise to which I would treat Aunt Rachel and Lucy, when the sound of horses' quick feet on the road attracted my attention. I turned hastily, and saw a horse and rider, and there was something in the air and carriage of the latter which at once fastened my gaze. He came rapidly on; oh, Cousin Esther, wherefor did I gasp for breath, and seize hold of the tree trunk? I saw his eyes fasten on me, curiously at first, then there was an eager start, his horse plunged forward, and Claude Ashley and I stood face to face.

He sprang from his animal, and rushed towards me; then he put out his arms; and Esther, it was without any conscious volition of my own that I rushed into them, and was gathered up tight, very tight to his quickly throbbing heart. "Oh, Claude, what have I done?" and I broke the silence at last. "I have no right to be here."

"Yes, you have, my darling, my darling, a right to be here forever, which none in Heaven, or on earth will dispute."

"But you do not know ——."

"Yes," he interrupted, "I know all, everything."

"How?" I started back.

"I have had a letter from Ben."

"Oh, Claude! Claude!" and the face I bowed back on his shoulder was crimson with blushes of shame.

He lifted me up and carried me back to the cherry tree, and we sat down there on the soft grass, and he told me all; and I will abridge the story for you.

It appears that Doctor Graham imagined I had acquainted my brother with the promise I had made him, so he alluded to it in their interview before Ben started for California. My brother was so astonished and horrified on learning this, that he insisted he would remain, and acknowledge what he had done, and bear the consequences, rather than I should fulfil such a pledge. But the doctor assured him that this would occasion me much greater suffering than to resign Claude, and seeing it partly in this light, my brother consented to go, only upon one condition, that if he could cancel his debt to the doctor within six months my promise should not be binding.

The doctor at first refused to consent to this, but seeing Ben was resolute, and that he would not leave without it, thinking also it would not be easy for him to raise so large a sum in so short a period, and that there would at least be less prospect of a union between Claude and myself, he was induced to admit this arrangement. I do not know how my brother obtained this money; I simply know he accomplished it, and that four days ago it was in Claude's hands, with a letter containing the history of *all the circumstances which had taken him to California.* He had been in New York less than two days, when he received Ben's communication, and learned, as you are aware, through your husband, of my long illness, and of my removal to New Hampshire. He at once had an interview with Doctor Graham, who you recollect left New York for the West soon after that day, and had himself just returned. I imagine the

meeting was a very unpleasant one for both parties, although Claude did not then give me its details, and I have not since asked him for them.

The doctor was much disappointed that Ben had procured the money, and could hardly control himself when Claude reproached him in the most cutting terms for working on the fears of a helpless and half distracted girl, to extort such a promise from her.

While Claude was speaking, the doctor shook from head to foot, particularly when he told him how my life had been so nearly sacrificed to his cruelty.

"I wish she had died, sir, rather than be your wife! Here, again you have triumphed! curse you!" cried the old man, and he glared on his hearer with such a look that the latter felt for the moment as though he was in the presence of a madman.

Of course Claude could relate nothing of this interview to his parents, as it would involve other explanations; but he remembers hearing his mother (you know he is an only son, and idolized by both parents,) speak of her old lover, Doctor Graham, and express some uneasiness at his never having married. They were never engaged, though she was at one time somewhat interested in him, chiefly on account of his devotion to herself; but it is not strange the young, sprightly, and they tell me very beautiful girl, preferred the grace and social urbanity of Claude's father, to the reticence and sternness of her first lover. And yet, despite all he has made me suffer, I cannot but pity that unloved, childless old man.

"And now, Wealthy, my poor Wealthy, whose pale face tells me better than all her words can how much she has suffered," and Claude pushed back the curls from my forehead, and looked with more than his old tenderness into my eyes, "your promise is no longer binding. Shall not the future be as though it had never been spoken?"

"Oh, Claude! you remember Ben?" and once more I leaned my head on his shoulder.

"He has repented of all that, and it was desperation goaded him to the act; he is a noble fellow. I shall be proud to call him brother."

And as we sat under the cherry tree, I placed my hands in Claude's, and answered solemnly, "as though the promise had never been!"

Oh, Esther, what happiness was given unto me in that hour!

—

We rode home together, and I gave Aunt Rachel and Lucy a surprise; but it was not the cherries.

Claude remained with me two days, and left yesterday. The doctor says now you may come to me next week. He thinks after my nerves have stood such an ordeal as Claude's advent there is nothing more to fear. But he insists he would not for a round million of dollars have allowed that unexpected rencontre, if he had known it beforehand.

So Esther, next week you and Edward will come to me, with Claude. Oh, I long to look into your sweet face once more, and read the congratulations that will brim with light your hazle eyes. God has dealt very tenderly with me, and after the long rains, and the dark night, behold! behold! the morning breaketh glorious and radiant for

Your happy cousin,

WEALTHY ROSS.

THE MYSTERY.

BY LILY LEA.

She was fair and bright as a Summer flower,
And gay as a bird in its native bower;
There lingered many a witching grace
In the dimpled smiles of her girlish face;
Her free, wild love, was as pure and true
As the crystal rill, and the shining dew;
And the rich, deep tones of music hung
On her laughing lip, as her glad heart sung.

But the death-damp gathered upon that brow,
So mockingly beautiful even now,
And her spirit left its home of clay,
As her young heart gushed its fount away!
Cold fingers lay on a broken lute,
And that lip of song was forever mute!

The mother gazed in her anguish wild,
On the marble brow of her only child,
And the skeptic father turned away;
They had never taught those lips to pray!
While a secret voice asked, "Where, oh! where
Is the spirit that lived in beauty there?"

A PUZZLED YANKEE.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

One very pleasant day in last July, as I was riding from Saint Paul towards Afton, I overtook a "character" in the shape of a "real live yankee," who it appeared had nothing to recommend him, save his own assurance; but of that there was no lack. As we caught each other's glance, I nodded slightly, my fresh acquaintance imitating a bow as he jerked out,

"Mornin'! mighty pleasant day, Squire."

"Yes, it is rather pleasant."

"Some of a horse, that o' yourn."

I did not reply, but instead scanned my neighbor's beast closely. His eye detected the scrutiny.

"I guess he'll do, won't he?"

"I should judge so," I replied, no little amused at my fellow traveller's manners; "I presume he belongs to you."

He puckered his lips, half closing his eyes at the same time, then jerked his head hastily to one side, as he managed to squeeze out,

"Ye—es——no!" a long pause; "Wall, stranger, I'll be hanged ef I know *who* owns it," and he made a sorry attempt at a laugh.

Evidently the man is poking fun at me, thought the reader's humble servant; but I could not forbear remarking aloud,

"That is a little singular."

The giggle died away, the grimace left his face. "Not of you knew the hull on it. You're a new comer, I take it, stranger."

"No! I am not," I answered, dryly.

"No offence, Squire, come from the East?"

"Yes." My companion blew his nose vigorously, patted his horse on the neck, and then placed a fresh quid of the weed between his lantern jaws.

"Wall, about this hoss; it *is* mine, an it *ain't* mine; leastways, I'm not sartin, yet. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to decide on it; *that's* so, *even* so."

And here my companion assumed a meditative manner, working his jaws freely. I deemed it best to give him his own time to explain himself. After riding a half mile in silence, he broke out with,

"Much acquainted hereabouts?"

"Very slightly."

"P'r'aps you belong to St. Peters river, or to below?"

I shook my head, and once more he came back to the ownership of the horse.

"Wall, about this yer hoss; I'll bet *you* never heard of *sech* an *idee* as this hoss trade; but maybe you could guess where I come from?"

"From Connecticut?"

"No! from Vermont. I'm an out an' out yankee; name's Treadwell; p'r'aps you've heard on Gov. Treadwell that used to be ——; he's my father's uncle, you see. Somehow, a poor cuss haint no chances there, at least *I* used to think so; so one day I pulled up stakes and perambulated out here to Minnesota; tho't I'd make my fortin, *sartin*, and I mean to do it, some day. You see, Major, when I come to that place over there, (pointing significantly towards Saint Paul,) I hadn't more than a shillin' left; the rascals a most took my clothes off my back. Now I don't mind tellin' *yew* all about it, 'cause *yew* don't know Jerusha, nor the rest on 'em. You see, afore I left hum I used to beau Jerusha 'round to parties considerably, jest to keep my hand in, you know. Jerusha, she kinder got 'struck' after me, but laws! *I* wasn't the least mite after her. There was a pooty nice gal lived near home, called Susan Pepperill, and so I divided my attentions, acted unpartial, you understand; but the first thing I knew, Jerusha moved away with her folks, and ef you believe it, stranger, that was the first time I ever knew Jerusha was worth a dollar. Come to find out, she owned five hundred. That riled me, and to aggravate it, Susan took up with another fellow, an' laughed in my face. So I never asked anything about Jerusha, but come out here. I jest worked here one month, when I met ——, who do you suppose?"

"Jerusha?"

"No! you're out; 'twas her aunt—an' laws! ef we didn't laugh! Of course I had to go right along with her, and on the road I found out that Jerusha's uncle owned three hundred acres, with forty broke in. You'd orter seen Jerusha smilin' at me. The old folks wanted me in the family all along, and I seen that they still kept a drawin' me on sorter kinder. But Jerusha ain't no beauty, nohow, an' she's pretty tart, too, so I didn't let on that I knew what they were up to. Now

this hoss belongs to, or *once* belonged to Jerusha, (she's got a yoke of oxen, and a cow, and two pair of geese besides, the only geese I ever seen in the territory,) and she has a hundred dollars laid away to buy another, ef I conclude to —— to marry her.

"Her an' the old folks heard me talk about lookin' over the country, an' so after a long talk, says she, one day, 'Steve,' (my name's Stephen,) 'Steve, that hoss is worth a hundred and eighty dollars, cash, any day; now you want to look about you. Take the hoss, Steve, pack off to Stillwater, Prescott, Oceold, and them places; take yer time, tew. The hoss is your'n, to keep or swap, ef you know what you're about; but mind, Steve! *ef yew own the hoss, I own yew.*' Her persizely identical language, Mr. ———, what may your name be?"

"Smith; John Smith."

"Her exact words, Mr. Smith, an' now ef I claim *this*, (patting his horse gently,) why Jerusha claims *me*, an' can prove it by the old folks, to say nothin' about a piece of paper I signed jest this time yesterday."

"Well, of course you will marry her," I ventured to remark, as I strove in vain to control my muscles.

Oh, sartinly, sartinly! only I'll be hanged ef I know *who'll own the hoss.* Howsomever, I'll keep the critter, (that's your way, Mr. Smith, good day!) I'm bound to keep the critter."

And Mr. Treadwell parted from me, muttering, "*I'll keep the critter.*"

THE TRYSTING TREE.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

Over the purple hill-top,
Over the field of maize,
Faintly the sunshine glances
Arrows of amber rays;
Nestles the singing wild-bird,
Slumbers the honey-bee,
While the dusk hand of twilight
Shroudeth the trysting tree.

Up in her low-roofed chamber
Sitteth a white-browed maid,
Waiting the quiet moonlight,
Waiting the night's broad shade;
Slowly the red door opens,
Through the dim path goes she;
Ah! in the starlight ever
Seeks she the trysting tree.

Down through the laden orchard
Glimmers her white robe now;
Down by the grape-vine lattice
Where the sweet violets glow;
Now through the bending roses,
Now o'er the sprinkled lea,
Ah! I see from my casement,
Maud at the trysting tree.

Gleaming among her tresses
Lie the white shining flowers;
On the dark sod about her
Fall the bright leaves in showers;
Now she enclasps the hillock,
Sinking upon her knee;
Waiteth her lover ever,
Maud at the trysting tree.

Crimson banners are flaunting
Upon the far hill-side,
Flaming wreaths are entwining
Many a forest's pride;
And I mourn at my window,
Looking beyond the lea;
There are two graves this Autumn,
Under the trysting tree.

SNOW VISIONS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

We stood by the frosted window,
Looking adown the plain,
When the sun lay red on the valley,
And gilded the old church vane;
And her serious eyes were lifted
Up to the dim unknown,
And her face was so still, that our wee girl said,
"Mamma is turned to stone!"

She saw not the gorgeous panoply
That Winter's wealth had spread,
The crowns on the bending fir trees,
And gold on the river's bed;
The white down over the mountains,
Like mantles of Northern girls,
The shaggy ends of the granary
Strung with glistening pearls.

Half to herself, she murmured,
"Can Heavenly dwellers come
Back from the jasper portals,
To look on an earthly home?
For it seems that in the snow-shroud
Which over the rich earth clings,
I catch ethereal glimpses
Of angel baby's wings!"

LADY ALICE.

BY LILIAS M. ———.

Lady Alice, 'mid her flowers,
Spendeth oft the sunny hours;
Yonder, see her drooping now,
Shadows floating o'er her brow;
Fall they from the lilies fair,
Nestling 'mid her golden hair?
Lilies twine around her head,
Lilies o'er her lap are spread,
Lilies lie upon the ground,
So she sitteth, lily-crowned;
Meet it is that one so fair
Emblems pure and sweet should wear;
While she dreams in vine-clad bower,
Speedeth on each swift-winged hour.

Shall I now, low whispering, tell
Why she sits as 'neath a spell?
Lady Alice oft doth hear
Voices low, but sweet and clear;
Come they from the lily cup,
While the perfume floateth up?
When the flower, drooping, dies,
Nought is heard but plaintive sighs;
Now the lady lists each word,
While her heart with joy is stirred;
Angel tones breathe words of love,
Luring her pure hopes above;
Soft they whisper of a bliss,
Of a soul-felt happiness,
Which on earth is never given,
Only found 'mid joys of Heaven.

Ah, the angel forms that dwell
In the flowers, oft weave a spell
O'er the heart of that sweet maiden,
'Till with joy and peace 'tis laden.
Meek and pure is lady Alice,
Though she dwells in lordly palace;
For each blossom, lesson-fraught,
Blesseth her, thus angel taught.
When the Lady leaves her bower,
Still she wields a magic power,
For her gentle, loving smile,
Can the earth-worn heart beguile;
Oft her holy words can win
Souls long filled with grief and sin;
Day by day she grows more mild,
More like some pure, sinless child;
For the angels hovering nigh,
Bear her blessings from on high;
Soon amid the Heavenly bowers
She will twine unfading flowers;
So dream on, sweet Alice fair,
Still wreathe lilies 'mid your hair,
For the lessons they impart
Fill with joy thy pure young heart!

GOD'S GIFTS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

God giveth flowers, and singing birds,
And beams of glowing light,
And dimpled streams, and fountains clear,
And cool, bewitching night.

God giveth dew to gem each leaf,
And leaves to grace each tree,
And freely sends his breath to thrill
Each veined pulse tenderly.

God giveth gray and jagged rocks,
With mosses soft o'erlaid,
And spreads a greenwood roof above,
Woven of light and shade.

God giveth soft, pure, ermine snow,
And clear and glassy rain,
And wreathes with care the morning cloud,
Tinged with Aurora's stain.

God giveth every beauteous thing;
What should we give to him?
A mournful heart, repining words,
And eyes with tear-drops dim?

A voice all tuned to notes that breathe
Of sorrow's presence sad?
As if a joyous thought were sin,
To Him who said be glad

To flower, and leaf, and singing brook,
To bird, and dewy lea,
To waving bough, and soft wind-note,
And cloud, and greenwood tree?

"TRAVELLING INCOG."

BY CAPRICE.

I SUPPOSE there was never a more romantic girl, at eighteen, than I, Mary Dalrymple, fresh from boarding-school, and engaged to the handsomest man in "our set," Harry Denning. I don't mean that I belonged to the Laura Matilda class of languishing, sentimental young ladies. I was sensible enough not to be that; but for believing in love's young dream, and the Waverly novels, and dark eyes, and chivalry, and love at first sight, and living anywhere with the man of one's heart, and a jumble of similar ideas, I think I was unsurpassed. At our boarding-school we were strictly secluded from the sight of every masculine member of the human family, except the baker and butcher, on week-days; and when Mrs. Hallam took us into church on Sundays, we went in carriages, with the blinds closed, like a lively funeral. Fortunately for her peace of mind there was an awful dearth of young men in the town; we used to say that they had all either run away or committed suicide to escape the dullness of the place; however that might be, there was but one in church, and he had red hair, and wore blue spectacles. So all we knew of love and lovers, except at vacation, when our friends usually took us travelling for our health, was picked up from contraband novels, and general interchange of sentiments on the subject. When I left school and entered society, therefore, it was with a head full of romance, and a heart ready to be impressed by the first handsome figure of a man I met, which accordingly happened. I was introduced, at an evening party, to the handsome Harry Denning, of whom I had heard much, and immediately fell in love with him, as I was vain enough to think he did with me, an impression which he afterwards confirmed. Perhaps I should here say that I had some advantages besides youth and a certain share of beauty. I was an orphan, and the heiress not only of my deceased parents, but of my dear, indulgent grandmother, with whom I lived, therefore I was not so surprised as angry to hear, after my engagement with Harry Denning, that he was influenced "by my fortune, as much as my face" in his selection of a lady love. Of course I did not believe it; I set it down at once to the malice of some of the disappointed ones, who were many in number, for every disengaged girl in our circle of acquaintance either secretly or openly adored him, and the appearance of peaceful unconsciousness which he preserved at every manifestation of it was either a consummate piece of acting which concealed an inordinate vanity, or presented the remarkable phenomenon of utter absence of self-approbation in a handsome man. I thought it the latter, then; I think differently now.

Of course I told him of the awful report I had heard, when we were sitting together in the twilight in one of the richly curtained and cushioned window-seats of my proud mother's handsome drawing-room, after the most approved fashion for lovers. Of course he denied it with the greatest horror, the most solemn asseverations. I think he should not have done so without reflection. I think no young man just starting in business with less capital than would be desirable, can be over particular in analysing the nature of his affection for any pretty girl of his acquaintance who is also provided with a fortune in her own right. He may not be conscious of it, or only partially so, but it is next to impossible that he should not be influenced by that golden charm which turns plainness to prettiness, and prettiness into angelic beauty. I was not plain—I may as well tell the truth, I am married now, and it can do no harm—I was usually called very pretty, and considered myself so the more, because I was much flattered in society, and did not care to discover why. I believed that my eyes were bright and full, my hands and arms beautiful, my feet small, my figure petite and pretty, and I was very proud of my hair, which curled in natural ringlets, and of my clear complexion. Poor Mrs. Hallam had reason to know that I was accomplished in all the requisites for a fashionable young lady; could walk, talk, play, sing, dance, and comport myself as well as she, with the united energies of five assistants and the French dancing master could make me. I was always dressed well and beautifully, for my grandmother had money, and the milliners and dress-makers had taste.

Would it be wonderful if Harry Denning

should mistake the depth and fervor of his love for me? Would it be impossible that his passion was dependent upon accessaries? He said so, and looked so handsome while saying it that I fully believed him; indeed, whatever might be the origin of it, I think he really loved me then, as much as it was in his nature to love any one; but then his nature!

He was going on a long business journey, soon, and although he was to see me several times before he really went, he seemed loth to leave me, and delayed his departure (after the little scene was over in which he offered to give me up if I had the slightest doubt of his honor, though it would nearly kill him, &c.,) till very late, leaving me quite inconsolable at the thought of the coming separation. I don't know how the idea came into my head, but it suddenly occurred to me to follow the example of the favorite heroines of romance, and accompany my lover in disguise, not as a page or minstrel, but in a manner more suitable to the customs of the nineteenth century and advancing civilization. I lay awake half the night arranging my plans, and the next morning astonished my dear grandmother with them. A whim once in my head was as firmly imbedded there as a fossil in a coal-mine, and so the dear old lady knew, besides which it was a time-honored custom that I should have my own way in everything; but this was something so unheard of that it startled even her easy indulgence, and I was obliged to contend against her scruples of propriety a long time before I could induce her even to hear my plan. This was, to go with my friends, Mrs. Sherburne and her husband, as nursery girl to their little Ida; they did not know Harry Denning, but were to start at the same time, and perform the same journey. I argued, that disguised in the common dress of a servant girl, and treated as such, Harry Denning, who had never seen me otherwise than elegantly dressed, and would consider it impossible that I should be in such a station, even if he saw me, which was not likely, would never know me. This plausible plan I laid before my dear grandmother, whose habit of letting me have my own way in everything was so much stronger than her horror of my unusual proceedings, that by eleven o'clock I had visited Emma Sherburne, and after swearing her to secrecy, overcame her opposition, (which was not very great, for she had been just such a romantic school-girl three years before,) and her husband's, which was rather stronger, carried my point completely, and was appointed nurse to Miss Ida, "for this trip only."

It was with great difficulty that I could conceal my mischievous delight from Harry when he called to bid me good-bye, a few hours before he went away, and stayed so long that I was in agonies for fear I should not be ready. After he was gone, I went up stairs and packed my small wardrobe, which had been selected under the supervision of Jane, Mrs. Sherburne's girl, and my predecessor as Ida's nurse, whose dress I had copied in every respect. I had a coarse de-baize dress, of an unbecoming color, with a big cape, a brown Bay State shawl, a common straw bonnet, very ill-shaped, and trimmed exactly like Jane's, (who was more useful than ornamental, and had her bonnets to match,) a thick, green veil, and new goat-skin boots on my feet, which hurt me terribly, and were plainly visible under my short, scant dress.

I declare that when I was arrayed in this useful and interesting costume, with my hair combed plainly away from my face, under the dowdy bonnet, I should not have known myself, and I looked so intensely ugly that I was half tempted to give up the whole business; but the thought of Mr. Sherburne's jokes, of which I was dreadfully afraid, and my determination "never to give it up so," nerved me. I took an affectionate leave of my grandmother, in the twilight, where she could see the whole horrors of my appearance, and ran down to Mrs. Sherburne's. The girl did not know me when I inquired for her at the door in choice Irish, but made me wait in the kitchen. Neither did Emma know me when she came down, until I laughed, and then she cried out, "Merciful goodness! Mary! is it you?" and took me up stairs to be introduced to Mr. Sherburne and Ida.

It was nearly dark when we reached the cars and were comfortably settled, but I thought I recognized through the gloom the figure on the seat before me, and I was right. Another gentleman sat beside him, and they were conversing in low tones; but I remained occupied with my own thoughts, content to listen to the music of his voice only, until I was startled by hearing my own name spoken, and then I was all ear. Merciful powers! the scamp was telling his friend all the particulars of his love affair with me! down to the parting of the afternoon; telling how much in love I was, and repeating all the little affectionate expressions and actions I had forgotten myself.

"Then you are sure she loves you?" said his friend, in a gentlemanly, low voice.

"Sure? oh, yes; certain! she adores me, worships me. Why I don't know that I ever should have thought of her at first, if I had not known *that*, she showed it so plainly, and you know a fellow can't help liking that sort of thing, not that it was so uncommon, but from a girl in her position it was very flattering. Loves me! You should hear her say so!" and he stroked his moustache in the most dandified manner, the wretch!

"Take care, then, Harry!" said his friend, gravely, "that you don't trifle with her feelings. It is our highest privilege to be loved so," and he slightly sighed. I began to like him very much.

"Trifle with her! Oh, no, I couldn't do *that*," returned Harry. "She has too many advantages on her side for me to attempt it, if I wished. She's pretty, she's got money, plenty of friends and admirers, everything in her favor. If I were to fight shy for a moment she'd throw me off, I know she would; I have often wished I could give her a little bit of a scare, just to show her the value of her prize;" and he laughed.

Pleasant, that, for me to hear.

"Harry, you misunderstand me; I mean that you should value her love more deeply. From what I hear of Miss Dalrymple, she is a most lovely and loveable girl, and I hope you appreciate your good fortune in winning her affection."

What a sensible man! I liked him better and better.

"Oh, it was easy enough to win that!" said Harry; "just listen, and I'll tell you the whole story;" and his friend sat silent, I hoped disgusted, while he went over the whole story of his courtship of me and our engagement, relating every circumstance as seen by the perverted view of his own vanity and self-approbation. It seemed to me hours before the cars started, and I ceased to distinguish what they said, and became aware of Mr. Sherburne's laughing gaze at my big bonnet, and his smothered merriment, which I dared not resent, at my appearance in general.

The cars were now lighted up, and it was impossible for me to cry unseen, though I longed to give vent to my burning indignation in some way. But the night was hot and still, and the dust and cinders flew into our eyes, through the open windows, so thickly that my attention was soon turned from mental to bodily suffering. My new, stiff shoes hurt my feet horribly, though they were immensely large, and my coarse dress and cotton gloves fidgeted and disgusted me. I need not have been afraid of being recognized, for my own mother would not have known me in that outlandish rig, and when the gray light of morning streamed into the car, and showed plainly the weary, sleepy, dingy, dusty, and feverish faces of the passengers, my disguise was complete.

The train stopped for breakfast, and Mrs. Sherburne insisted on my going first with her husband, but for appearance sake he compromised it by all going. I was horrified at seeing among the foremost of the pushing, impatient crowd, my adored Harry, rudely elbowing his way forward, and regardless of even the common politeness due to ladies, seizing that place at table toward which Mrs. Sherburne was advancing. I watched him. The sight of his conduct, and my instinctive dread of being recognized, took away my appetite completely, and I persuaded Mrs. Sherburne to let me take little Ida, whose breakfast of cracker and milk was by this time prepared, back into the cars, out of the way. It was a more difficult task than I had thought it to carry Miss Ida, who was a very heavy child of her age, and keep the mug of milk which she eagerly clutched at all the way, from spilling, and when I reached the cars I was so much out of breath that I stopped at the high steps in despair of ever getting her up them. A gentleman whom I judged was one of the number disappointed in reaching the first table, stood near, and seemingly in pity for my perplexity, came forward, and taking Ida from my arms carried her into the car for me. "This child is too heavy for your strength," said he, kindly. "Ah, Ida, do you know me?" as she stretched out her hands to him, and laughed. "I am a friend of Mr. Sherburne's and of Ida's, as you see," he continued, smiling; "but I did not recognize her at first, with a new nurse; you have lately come, have you not?"

I managed to murmur an affirmative in a state of pitiable embarrassment, for I recognized his voice as belonging to the friend of Harry Denning, who was so well informed of all my affairs, besides which I was afraid that Mr. Sherburne would reveal my secret in some way, and I was distressed at being seen and spoken to by a young gentleman, as a servant girl, and in the dress of one. Perhaps this feeling of wounded pride was visible in my face, as I drew off my gloves and began to

give Ida the clamored-for bread and milk, but in a very clumsy manner, and with burning cheeks, fearful that he was watching me. I glanced quickly up, at last, to see if it was so, and he started forward, coloring, with his eyes fixed on my hands.

"Pray, excuse me, Miss, I—I thought—I am afraid I—allow me to apologize."

He was so much embarrassed, that I felt quite relieved and cool by contrast, and answered quietly, "You were quite right, sir, no apology is needed. I am Mrs. Sherburne's servant, and Ida's nurse."

He remained standing with a puzzled face, and following his eyes, I became conscious that my hands did not look like those of a servant, and were covered with rings, among which my splendid diamond engagement hoop, and two or three others figured conspicuously. I had forgotten to remove them. Just then several gentlemen strolled into the car, and foremost among them was Harry Denning, picking his teeth, and laughing loudly. "So, Frank, you got left out!" said he. "Better have taken my advice, and pushed your way in with the rest; you'll never get along, if you don't do that."

"Thank you," returned his friend quietly; "but I prefer my own way."

"Well, you had better look sharp after your breakfast in your own way, then, if you want to get it at all, unless you are too much occupied with this young lady," glancing at me with a laugh that grated painfully on my ears. His tone and manner made my face burn, and I *felt* his contemptuous look, though I had turned away from them when he first entered. I went on with my task, but heard a stern, whispered reproof from Harry's friend, after which he went out slowly, and Harry lounged on to his seat.

Mrs. Sherburne returned to find me wiping off the plentiful showers of milk with which my unaccustomed efforts had soaked Ida's face and dress, while my own cheeks were almost as plentifully wet with tears.

"We don't bathe Ida in milk *every* morning, Mary!" said she, laughing, as she took her dripping infant. "I'm afraid you are too extravagant a nursery maid for me."

"Oh, Emma, I am sorry," said I, half crying, "but I couldn't help it."

"Why, what's the matter?" she said, but before I could get resolution enough to answer, she made a dive at me; "Oh, Mary!" she cried, "you've forgotten your rings! are those the hands for a nursery maid? give them to me this minute; I'll wear them for you till you can get at your trunk. But what will you do with your engagement ring? you'll die before you'll part with *that*, I suppose."

"No, indeed! Take the old thing!" I cried with indignation, and flung it into her lap after the others.

She looked at me curiously, while she was putting them on, and drawing on her gloves again, but forgot it in a moment, and started off on another topic, after a manner peculiar to herself.

"Oh, do you know that you have made a conquest! at least, I think you have, and in those horrible clothes, too! It's quite romantic! Frank Chester, (the gentleman in the light coat and cap, a friend of ours, and the best fellow in the world, excepting six,) asked me all about you, and what your name was. I told him your name was Mary Dean; I didn't want to tell him a fib, if I could help it, and you know your middle name *is* Dean." She stopped to laugh and take breath, and then went on. "But I did have to tell a fib, after all, and it will be charged to you in my last account, Miss, I hope. I told him you were an American girl, of good family, (you are, you know,) but left an orphan and poor, and we took you out of charity. Thereupon he passed some compliments, which I shan't repeat, and asked some questions, which I didn't answer, and he more than hinted that you were too slender to carry my big baby about. Precious child, she shan't be slandered and called heavy, shall she?" and then ensued a little love scene between mother and child, while I sat silent, but to use a quotation more forcible than elegant, "kept up a mighty thinking." So the day moved on in the weary cars, and my adorable Harry chewed tobacco, and made everybody sick by doing so, and Mr. Sherburne and Mr. Chester talked together, and to my great terror I caught the latter occasionally glancing at me, and Mrs. Sherburne tended her baby and napped, and night came on at last.

Then we took the stage, one chilly evening, to cross the Allegheny mountains, then so disagreeable and perilous a part of the journey. Mrs. Sherburne and I found in our appointed vehicle Harry Denning and his friend, established in the back seat. Mr. Chester immediately rose to offer his place, but Mrs. Sherburne preferred the front seat, and had no objection to riding backwards. As I had, and it made me very sick, Mr. Sherburne turned over the middle seat for me, and sat down beside his

wife; but I had hardly moved before I felt a touch on my arm, and saw Mr. Chester standing with kind courtesy to offer me his seat; I heard Harry, who had hitherto been laughing at my bonnet, pause in his amusement to remonstrate with his companion, and declare that he would not ride on the seat with "that thing." I cast an indignant glance at him, which, however, was harmlessly spent under the shadow of my big bonnet, and hesitated. The indignant young gentleman rose, gathered up his chattels, and saying with severe sarcasm, "Oh, by all means, take this seat, ma'am," left the coach to seek more congenial society, or a back seat in another. His friend, after handing me to the vacated place, followed him, and Mrs. Sherburne and I, left alone, as no other passengers entered, took off our bonnets, and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. She dropped her head on her husband's shoulder, and fell asleep; he did the same, sitting bolt upright, having a talent that way, while the baby, extended across their laps, pillowed on wraps and shawls, followed the example of her parents. Left thus to my own devices, I flung the big bonnet contemptuously on the floor, and pulled out the back comb which had been torturing me all day, letting my hair fall down in its natural curls. I drew off the unpleasant gloves, and threw them after the bonnet, and then wrapping myself in the shawl, for the night was chilly, leaned back against the hard seat, resting my aching head in the corner of the coach. I cried quietly, awhile, and felt very miserable, but was so thoroughly wearied out that I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I did not even wake when the coach started, and when kind hands drew my weary head to a softer resting place. To be more explicit, when I woke somewhere in the middle of the night, I found I had been sleeping with my head on Mr. Chester's breast, supported by his arm. When I add that he was very handsome, wide awake, and looking down into my face with his dark eyes, in a thoughtful manner, it will not be wondered at that I started up in dismay; but he gently detained me with his arm. "Excuse me; but you had better lie still, the night is only half spent, and you cannot sleep in the painful position in which I found you; Don't move!"

There was more in his voice and eyes than the occasion seemed to demand; I muttered something about not wishing to give him trouble, which he earnestly negatived, and drew myself away with burning cheeks. It was very pleasant to feel such kind care after the conduct of that wretch, Harry; but I felt that even as a servant girl I must support my dignity, and so I did. His arm was quietly withdrawn, and I sat upright in my corner of the coach, as he in his, now fully awake. But by and by, to break the constraint of silence, he began to speak of the beautiful wild mountain scenery we were passing, lit up by pale moonlight, and from thence the transition was easy to other scenery, always a passion with me, and of which I spoke with enthusiasm, unconscious that he was quietly "drawing me out," and finding how much I had travelled, and where. At last he asked me if I had ever seen L——, a beautiful little town on the —— river.

"L——?" I cried, "why, I was born there."

"Indeed!" he said, with a quick look; "do you belong to the family of Deans in L——?"

I saw how imprudent I had been, and muttered something about a "distant relationship," resolving to keep silence, and by that means keep my secret safe, but my resolution was soon thawed before the magic of his sweet voice, and smile, and beautiful eyes, and I found myself discussing the news and affairs of dear old L——, its beauties and its changes, with the deepest interest, for he had been there since I had, knew all about it, and loved it as well. He grew more and more familiar, with this bond of interest between us, and I think he must have forgotten as completely as I did, that he was a gentleman, and I a servant girl.

By two o'clock, the conversation having flagged a little, my heavy eye-lids began to droop, and he observing it, as he did everything else, urged me to finish my sleep as before. "You know," he said, smiling, "that we are not strangers, now, but old neighbors. You will not refuse the arm of an old friend for that hard corner!" I resisted a little while, and essayed sleeping there; but finding my head violently flung from side to side, and my position otherwise uncomfortable, yielded to his advice, not without a feeling of satisfaction, laid my tired head down on his shoulder, and fell asleep again.

I woke, however, in the grey dawn of the morning, early enough to be sitting up quite calm and respectable in my "approved" toilette, before Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne were astir. My travelling companion had helped me to find my despised hand and head coverings, and watched me put up my hair in its former tight confinement, with an expressive look which said as plainly as words, "why do you

do it?" I drew on the gloves, and retired into the shade of the big bonnet, so that when the somnolent pair awoke, I sat looking, as they said, "as if I had never been asleep."

The events of the night before had been so much like a dream, that I could hardly realize, as I sat listening to the jokes of Mr. Sherburne and his friend, that I had slept all night upon the arm of that handsome man, and felt more interest in him at that moment than in my own especial Harry, for whose atrocious sake I had undertaken this foolish journey, and whom I fervently wished had been in Japan first.

The four or five following days and nights we spent on a steamboat, going down the Ohio river. My duties as Ida's nurse were very light; she spent about three-fourths of her time in sleep, and her mother never trusted her to me except when she was dressed and on exhibition in the afternoons. I led a very easy and a very happy life. Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne were much together, and did not know how I disposed of my time, but Mr. Chester did. His friend, Mr. Denning, was little in his society, his time being spent in smoking, sleeping, or playing cards with a set of young fellows very much like himself. I never gave him a thought after the morning when I met him as we left the stages, with disordered hair, and deranged whiskers, his dress slovenly, and his mind disagreeably ferocious. I now saw him drink mint juleps, and play cards, with less concern than horror at the unblushing coolness with which he had denied all knowledge of those articles in conversation with me. I cared for him no longer, but was busy with the deeper reality, the dearer and truer happiness that had begun to dawn upon my life.

The last evening of our stay on the boat, I sat out on the guards, watching the sunset, with little Ida in my arms and a sad heart in my breast. I was thinking how by my own folly I had thrown away what might have been the glory and joy of my life. If I had remained in my own home, in my own station, I might have met Frank Chester, loved him, and been loved by him; *now* he was lost to me, because though he might love me, my station would forbid his seriously thinking of me. Thus I sadly mused, when the object of my thoughts came and seated himself by me. Little Ida claimed his attention; he spoke pleasantly to her, but looked with a sort of impatience new to him, at me, as I lifted her on my lap and arranged her dress.

"Mary," he said abruptly, but in a tone that made my heart bound, "I want you to leave this occupation; you are too delicate and refined, too lovely and loveable for such toil as this; it is ignoble and degrading, not in itself, but for you."

I could hardly help smiling, as he called it "*toil*" to lead about a pretty child half an hour a day, and to do nothing the rest of the time; but this was not the time to laugh, and I answered, not wishing to continue the fraud of my apparent position by alluding to it, "What do you mean? what can I do?"

"Be you a servant no longer," he said, "but let me be *your* servant, and be you my wife! Oh, Mary, be my wife!"

He bent toward me as he spoke, for I had hidden my face in my hands, overpowered by his nobleness and love, but little Ida clung to him, and he took her in his arms, saying, "Think of what I say, Mary, till I return," and carried her down stairs to her mother.

When he came back, I was weeping bitterly; he drew my head upon his breast, and let me weep out my full heart. When I was calmer, he bent down and said,

"Only promise me that all your sorrows through life shall be soothed by me. Only tell me that your place is here."

"Yes, here," said I, through my tears, "and yet not here, for you shall never marry a servant girl."

"You are not a servant girl, my darling. Nature never made you so, and Education never did, Custom shall not."

"I *am* a servant girl, however."

"Obstinate child—you shall be one no longer, if now. You will soon be my wife."

I was very happy, and we sat that evening, as lovers sit, and talked, as lovers talk; but I was firm to my determination, and made him promise not only not to speak to Mr. Sherburne about me, as he had intended to do the next morning, but to wait silently until I had returned to New York and obtained a situation from which he could more honorably take me. Yet I was happy as a queen in knowing that he had loved me in this lowly station and humble guise, and when I went down to my room that night, it was with wet eyes but a thankful heart.

We left St. Louis in three days. Mr. Chester and Mr. Denning were to remain a week longer; but I knew that between them there was neither confidence nor love, on one side at least, and feared nothing. We returned to New York in the same order in which we had

left it, without further incidents, and after I had been at home several days I went out dressed, to make calls, to account to my acquaintances for my absence, and met Frank Chester, who had just arrived. He glanced at my dress and manner with evident surprise.

"You see," said I, when the first greeting was over, "that I was right about a situation. I am companion to Miss Mary Dalrymple, and you will not marry a servant girl, now."

"What do I care!" he cried, "if only you will marry me, Mary. My darling, you are lovelier to others, but not more beloved or lovely to me in that elegant dress, than in your old bonnet; if *you* are mine, the rest is nothing."

"It sounds better, at least," I persisted, "when you come to see me, to ask for Miss Dalrymple's companion, than for Mrs. Sherburne's nursery girl."

"So Harry Denning and I will call together on mistress and maid," said he, with a smile.

"No!" I cried, with burning indignation; "Harry Denning will never call on me but once more."

He stopped and looked at me in mute surprise. I drew a card from my card-case, and gave it to him. He turned very pale, as he read the name. "Mary!" he said.

"Yes, Mary," I answered, with tears in my eyes, "only not Mary Dean, but Mary Dalrymple. Dear Frank, forgive me, and let me tell you all."

I did tell him all, drawing him away to a quieter street, where I could repeat the tale of my folly and its sweet punishment to no listening ears but his; and then, having received full absolution, took him home to my grandmother, and telling her the sequel of my adventure, introduced him as her future grandson, to her great delight. The dear old lady had always been rather distrustful of the first pretender to that position, but she loves Frank as dearly as she does me, and has forgiven me all my former follies, for the sake of the success of my last and greatest.

That same day Harry Denning came to see me. Yes, my own identical Harry, my fiance, and my horror; elegant, perfumed, slender, fascinating, handsome, courteous, tender, the same as ever; but yet not the same. For now with me shadows had become realities, and idle dreams were deep truths. For the sake of my own vanity and his, I did not tell him the reason of my sudden disenchantment, which was naturally a great shock to him, as he expected to take up the broken thread of our attachment exactly where it left off when he (and I too, though he didn't know it,) took that fateful journey. He mourned my decision and change of sentiments with becoming sorrow, and considered himself very ill-used. I believe he thinks, like every one else but Emma Sherburne, that I spent the dreary time of his absence in L——, and met there Frank Chester, who stopped on his way back to make some inquiries about the Dean family. He pities me, I doubt not, and believes that I must often have bitterly regretted my rash refusal of so much beauty and elegance.

I am the happiest woman in the world, I verily believe. An heiress not married for her wealth, a belle not married for beauty, rank, or position, for nothing, if not for love. Not that I despise wealth, for I am very glad that by its means I can help my husband on in his profession, and spare him the toil and struggle by which he would have supported the poor girl he meant to marry. Although no merit of mine, it is a constant joy to me to know that I could smooth his path in becoming what he is already called, one of the first men in his profession; that I could thus do a little for him who did so much for me, and loves me so entirely.

Of course I went to Emma Sherburne immediately, and told her the whole story; she was delighted.

"Oh, how romantic! how delicious!" she cried, clapping her hands. "To think that your hair-brained scrape should end so well, after all. How astonished Mr. Sherburne will be! My! how it will take him down after his scolding me for allowing it!"

"Did he?"

"Did he? Of course he did. He told me I might thank myself for any accident that happened, or discovery that was made. He said if it should come out, the story would be all over town, and I should have myself to thank for encouraging such romantic folly."

"But he consented at the same time you did."

"Oh, yes, I know, but he lectured me afterwards for what he laughed at in you. That's the way with men; they tolerate in others, what they won't in their wives. And he consented, you see, but he threw all the responsibilities on my shoulders, in case anything happened. *Now*, he'll take all the credit of it! Oh, my dear, you don't know! you never will, till you're married! Husbands always do so!"

"*My husband never will*," *I said to myself, and I was right!*

CHANGES.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

Caroline Raymond was an only daughter. Her childhood was as free from trial as a weak, tender mother could make it. She was never taught self-dependence in the veriest trifle, for her fond mother doubted not that her darling would be ever, as then, surrounded by obsequious servants. No expense was spared in her education, and Mrs. Raymond proudly exhibited some really fine paintings, elegant wax flowers and fruit, and beautiful specimens of ornamental writing, as proofs of her daughter's advancement. The truth was, Caroline was too indolent to be accomplished. The young lady, who at home found it easier to call a servant than to put a stick of wood upon the fire, thought it much pleasanter to palm off proofs of the skill of others as her own, than to acquire such skill.

At eighteen Caroline left school, and for one brief year she enjoyed every social advantage which money and the good standing of her parents could procure her. Then, alas, her father died suddenly, and before his widow and daughter had recovered from the shock occasioned by his loss, they were told that he had trusted his entire property in some losing speculations, and thus had left them nearly penniless. Mrs. Raymond's health had been failing for some years, and this double blow wholly unnerved her. For her daughter's sake she struggled for strength, but was very soon convinced that much as she wished to indulge Caroline, she could do very little towards their support. Very sad were the long, earnest conversations of that mother and daughter, as they sat in the little room, which was now their only home, and tried to form plans for the future. Mrs. Raymond felt that her days were nearly numbered, and she longed to see her daughter established in some employment before she must leave her. Eagerly she proposed her giving instruction in the ornamental branches; but the unhappy girl was obliged to confess her utter incompetency to teach anything, as all her acquired knowledge was superficial. Most bitterly she regretted the idle hours she had spent at school, but regrets were worse than useless, as they unfitted her for the then present duty of attending to her mother's wants.

One by one their articles of jewelry were disposed of, to provide things necessary for their comfort, and when, after nearly a twelvemonth of suffering, Mrs. Raymond breathed her last, she left her almost idolized daughter with naught but the scanty furniture of their room and the remnant of their once rich wardrobe. Among all who had flattered and caressed her in her prosperous days, Caroline counted not one true friend. That kindness which she sought in vain among her wealthy and fashionable acquaintances, she received from a poor servant girl, who had lived a long time in her father's family. Madame de Stael expressively remarks of the sympathy of inferiors, "leur pitie spontanee est sans melange de blame on de conseil." Such sympathy Caroline experienced from Hannah Bond. While her wealthy acquaintances wondered what she would do, blamed her for not having been more active, and charitably hoped she would now find her expensive education of service, poor Hannah shared her wages with her, and scarcely thought of Miss Caroline's making any exertion for her own support, till she saw that she would be much happier could she feel more independent.

Then Hannah voluntarily left the pleasant family, in which she was at service, and with Caroline's consent, found work for them both in a neighboring factory. O, the drudgery of factory life to one of Caroline's habits! How much she hated the regular call of the bell; but even here she had great cause to be thankful to her humble friend. Hannah was often able to mind both looms, and when this was possible, she never neglected to do it. She never forgot that Miss Raymond needed more privileges than "the likes of her," therefore she most devotedly sought for opportunities to make Caroline's lot more endurable. She asked nothing in return for this unvarying kindness, yet, perhaps, she was the greater gainer by such intercourse, for while her friend was strengthening her habits of indolence and dependence, she was becoming every day more loveable. Thus it ever must be; she who unselfishly seeks the happiness of another, may not be appreciated, but she will gain that which is of more value than aught

else attainable upon earth, beauty of character.

Thus Caroline lived for months, growing every day more weary of her situation, and hardly daring to hope for anything better. Indeed, the clouds seemed to thicken about her pathway, for Hannah, to whom she had owed all the pleasures she had enjoyed, was about to leave the factory. Nothing but disinterested friendship for her former mistress had prevented her marriage some time before, and now her betrothed was so impatient of longer delay that she was ready to yield to his wishes.

Very lonely and unhappy was Caroline after Hannah left; there was no one now to mind her loom while she pored for hours over some trashy novel; nor was this the only favor that she missed.

A young man who was employed in the mill fancied himself in love with her, and soon after Hannah's marriage made his feelings known to her. Caroline had no thought of loving him; he was merely a great, overgrown boy, in her opinion, but here was a chance to rid herself of her irksome tasks. He wished to be married as soon as he should be twenty-one, as he had been promised a better situation than his present one, in a new factory which his employers were building in a distant town. Harry Evans was very fond, and very foolish. He had admired the elegant figure of Miss Raymond, and seen Hannah's evident devotion to her, till he fancied her a superior being, for whom it would be but a pleasure to toil. The increase in his wages which he was expecting seemed to him amply sufficient for household expenses, and his active, uncultivated fancy pictured none but bright scenes in the future. Hannah warmly favored his suit; she was so happy herself, in her lowly home, that she was anxious to see her friend equally well established. Caroline scornfully smiled at the enthusiasm of her friend and lover, in which she could not sympathize, and finally consented to be married, *merely for a home*, she said to herself and Hannah.

How sadly might one capable of reading human hearts have gazed on that youthful pair, as they pronounced the vows uniting them forever. He, with that young, enthusiastic nature, capable of much good if rightly influenced, was guilty of no wrong, for he loved her whom he promised to cherish; but she was not equally innocent. She did not, could not love him. She considered herself his superior, and her womanly conscience had prompted her to acknowledge to herself that she was abusing that power which his love gave her. That love was but a mere unenlightened passion, which sprung from the heart's need of loving, and would have faded before the light of reason she might have applied to it. She was very well aware that he did not love her as she was, but as he had imagined her, and she was willing to have a wife's claims upon him before he should realize the difference.

The ceremony was performed in Hannah's little parlor, and the young couple left immediately for their new home in A——. Unfortunately, Harry had no acquaintances there, and had requested his employer to engage board for himself and wife during the few days necessary to establish themselves in housekeeping. That gentleman considered the matter of very slight importance, and merely asking a group of operatives which of them wished to accommodate a couple, he sent the name of the first speaker to Harry. Upon their arrival, just at dusk, they were directed to an old, unpainted wooden dwelling in the outskirts of the village, at the door of which they were met by some three or four children, whose filthy appearance made Caroline instinctively draw her dress close about her, and look where she stepped. The appearance of the mistress of the family, with her uncombed hair and tattered dress, was in perfect keeping with that of the living-room. Caroline was glad to secure solitude, at least, by retiring to her room, which proved to be a poor unfinished and almost unfurnished one in the attic. It was, indeed, a dismal place to take one who had married for a home, and Harry owed his exemption from a curtain lecture on his wedding night more to the self reproaches of his bride than to his explanations of the reasons for his taking her there.

Caroline had really resolved to be as good a wife as possible. There was much that was excellent in her character; had she been well guided in childhood, she would have made a fine woman. Even at marriage it was not too late, had she possessed sufficient respect for her husband; but she was far too self indulgent to succeed without his assistance, and that she scorned. She began well, however. The very next morning after their arrival in A——, Harry found a neat, pleasant little tenement, and during the day they both worked with a *will*, so that the coming night found them comfortably lodged in their own home. While Caroline was busily engaged in making her home pleasant she was happy; but when

everything was arranged, and she had much more leisure, gradually the old habits stole upon her. She gained access to a circulating library, and day after day she read from morning till evening. At first her husband was pleased that she could find amusement in reading, but he soon learned to dislike the yellow covered books which were continually lying about. He hoped a holy mother love might lead to a change in his wife's habits; but he hoped in vain. A babe in the house only added to his cares, for he felt that the wee thing was not properly tended. Doubtless Mrs. Evans loved her babe, but unfortunately for its comfort, she loved her ease better. She paid the least possible attention to the dress of herself, or her child. All her best faculties seemed stupefied. Harry had a few times become so irritated as to express his feelings freely, and she disliked such scenes sufficiently to avoid them. It was his custom to rise early and go to his work for a couple of hours; returning, he purchased a loaf of bread, and ate bread and milk for his breakfast. Often and often when he returned again for his dinner, his wife would be absorbed in some fiction till she heard his step at the door, when she would spring to draw the table to the middle of the floor, and spread the cloth upon it, to give the hope of a dinner which she would proceed to prepare after he entered.

Thus years passed; years of dull, plodding toil, and mere animal life to poor Harry, who felt that all his highest powers were lying latent. He was well aware that he was capable of something better; but he grieved most for his little ones, whom he knew were quieted with opiates far too often for their good. Caroline was even more unhappy during this time than her husband, for she could not, like him, feel that she was doing her duty as well as circumstances would allow. Much of the time she was in a state of unnatural excitement, from the effects of her reading. She was continually fretted by her humble station, and allowed envy of her more fortunate neighbors to poison her feelings. She had little pleasure in social intercourse, for she treated those who were ready to consider her as an equal as inferiors, and they were very quick to notice the fact and avoid her.

A time of trial came. Harry was ill. He worked several days while suffering most acute physical pain, and when at length he was forced to yield to his disease, typhoid fever, Death seemed to have marked him for his own. Then, when the physician said there was no hope of his recovery, Mrs. Evans began to realize his worth. During many sad days and nights she watched devotedly by his bedside, even more wearied by the bitter thoughts which came to her than by the constant attention she bestowed upon the invalid. The ten years of their married life passed before her mind's eye, and through them all she saw herself as she had been, cold, selfish, careless, thriftless and exacting, while the husband she had scorned as beneath her had nobly and manfully toiled for her support, and patiently borne with her foibles. Very penitently, then, when any hour might be his last, she acknowledged him her superior. Most eagerly she begged his forgiveness for her whole conduct towards him, and assured him of her earnest love. His freely given pardon could not carry peace to her mind; she felt that her repentance was of little worth unless reformation should follow. As she looked upon her four neglected children, she realized her responsibility as a mother, and made very many earnest resolves to do her whole duty by them.

We will not dwell on those sad days of anxiety. Perhaps those new and grateful manifestations of love, carrying the deepest joy to his wearied heart, helped his over taxed constitution to rally. Be that as it may, Mrs. Evans was richly rewarded for her unwearied care, by the returning health of her husband. That was, indeed, a blessed sickness, which knit those hearts so closely. Mr. and Mrs. Evans numbered the weeks of his convalescence among the happiest of their wedded life. Then the wife first learned to know truly the noble Christian principles which had sustained her husband under every trial, and earnestly she begged him to guide her in the path of duty. Humbly he directed her to the Source of all strength, while he talked seriously of her holy, God-given duties as a mother.

From that time there was a change in the home of Harry Evans. On his return from his work he was no longer met by a brood of ill-dressed and ill-trained children; nor did he ever find his wife lounging in a soiled wrapper and slip-shod shoes. Mrs. Evans became a busy, thrifty woman; but she had many trials. Her long indulged habits could not be conquered by one effort. She strove resolutely to overcome them, however, and was constantly encouraged by the increased happiness of her family. Her own faults were not her only source of trial; those years of careless management had left an impress upon the characters of her children which led them to

require most thoughtful, prayerful care. Mr. Evans, so soon as he was released from the many household duties which he had formerly been obliged to perform, found it easy to get larger wages, so that in one year from the time of his illness he was able to buy a convenient house for his family, and devote the money he had paid for rent to paying off a light mortgage with which he was, for a brief time, obliged to encumber it. There was a nice garden, as well as a large yard, and those were happy hours which he spent with his wife and children planning and executing improvements. Mrs. Evans had excellent taste in arranging shrubs and vines to beautify her home, and she was surprised to find herself learning to love their pleasant, vine-covered cottage far better than she had ever loved the elegant mansion in which her youth was passed. She learned of that true wealth of the affections, which is wholly independent of station in life, and among those neighbors she had allowed herself to scorn she found true hearted, self improved women, from whom she received many valuable hints concerning the management of her children. Being so fully convinced by her own experience that happiness depends far less upon outward surroundings than upon the character, she had no difficulty in ridding herself of the envious feelings which had hitherto haunted her, and thus became almost as much happier in her social as in her family relations.

A lively, crowing baby, very different from those paregoric-fed little ones, came among them, and their household was complete. It is pleasant to think of their life at this time; each day brought its cares and duties, but love lightened all cares, and duties well done are but pleasures.

Another change came. It was the evening of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. Little Annie, the pride and pet of the household, was quietly sleeping in a pleasant chamber. Her brothers and sisters were away at a concert, while their parents sat in their neat, cheerful looking sitting-room, and talked of past blessings, and future prospects. They were altered in appearance since they stood at the altar, but the change was for the better, notwithstanding the loss of the fresh complexions and elastic figures of youth. There was an expression of character upon their faces which ever gives the highest beauty. They felt that the last ten years had been full of blessings, and those long, miserable ones preceding were rarely referred to by either husband or wife. To him they seemed so wholly monotonous in their dreariness, that there were few salient points for the grasp of memory. It was the Winter of his life; but he felt that those trials had helped to make his character what it was. His wife experienced positive pain in reflecting upon those wasted years, and she shuddered as she imagined what might have been her life-long punishment for marrying without love, had not her husband been good and noble. These memories heightened her love and respect for him, but she preferred talking of brighter things; therefore she dilated upon the superior characters of their children, and assured her husband that their daughters were far better educated than she had been at their ages, notwithstanding her expensive advantages.

"Ah," said she, "we are far happier than money could make us."

Just then a rap was heard. It proved to be the post office clerk, who remarked that a letter for Mr. Evans had been lying in the office several days, and he had brought it over, as he was going past. Harry read the letter, while his wife looked to his face for a knowledge of the nature of its contents. The surprise she read there awakened her curiosity, but before gratifying it her husband inquired what she was saying as Mr. Morris rapped. Upon her repeating her remark, he asked if she thought money would prevent their remaining as happy as then, provided they should use it as only another talent from their Father's hands. His letter notified him that by the will of a distant relative who had lately died in New York, he was entitled to fifty thousand dollars. The remainder of the evening was spent in making plans for furthering the advancement of their children.

In due time they received the money, and were at no loss for ways to use it so as to have it conduce to their happiness. The two sons were immediately sent to college, while an excellent governess was domesticated in the family for the girls. Mr. and Mrs. Evans visited their native city, and renewed their acquaintance with their early friend, Hannah. They found that she and her husband had accumulated a moderate fortune, so that there was little opportunity to repay their debt of gratitude to them; but Harry's assistance to their sons, in establishing themselves in the world of business, was gratefully received.

Our friends still live in A——. Their former house is but an ell of the large one which they now need for their extensive hospitality.

Wealth has not increased their happiness as much as the change in Mrs. Evans' character did; but it has given them larger capabilities for usefulness, and enables them to gratify the taste for the beautiful which they had acquired from the works of Nature in many ways.

Reader, we may not all become wealthy by a sudden turn of fortune; but each of us has power to lay up for himself treasure which shall conduce far more to his happiness, and of which even Death cannot rob him.

HER GLOVE.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

"But still the heart will haunt the well
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken,
And treasure in its narrow cell
The Past's most holy token."

It is the glove she wore so long ago,
That fitted daintily her hand of snow,
The hand whose clasp it was such joy to know.

She was a being radiant as the dawn
When it comes forth with flush of glory on;
O, how like night it was when she was gone!

She was the queen of all our festive mirth;
To win her smile, our greatest care was worth,
For never was a sweeter smile on earth.

How beauteous flowed down to her shoulders fair
The glorious wealth of her abundant hair,
Shading a face such as the angels wear.

Her name was Emily, a treasured name;
My pulses thrill whene'er I hear the same,
I spring to meet one, as whene'er *she* came.

This glove has brought her back so clear to-day,
Until her presence doth around me play,
As if her spirit had just passed this way.

Some years have gone since clods pressed coldly down
Upon those starry eyes of softest brown,
But seas of Time cannot her memory drown.

Spanned by the river of returnless tide,
The space between us is not far nor wide;
I hope to meet her on the other side.

MAKEENAC!*

BY WM. M. BRIGGS

By yon dear lake's enchanting shore,
Where bend the skies so softly blue,
The Indian hunter roams no more,
Nor lightly flies his swift canoe.
No more its shining mirror gleams
With watchfires through the Summer night,
And all the beauty of its streams
Have vanished from his longing sight!

'Twas sweet, when first the patient stars
Had caught their image in the tide,
And through the current's wrinkled bars
Like airy spirits seemed to glide;

'Twas sweet to watch how, from the shore,
The lover's bark would glide along,
And know that its light beauty bore
A burden rich in love and song.

Oh! Summer nights! Oh! days gone by!
Your Indian loves have passed away,
But still smiles on your starry sky,
And still your lake's bright ripples play.
Another race, with pale, pure brows,
Your mirrowed beauty rove beside,
But Love still whispers there its vows,
And Youth and Song still haunt the tide!

* Makeenac, (pronounced Makenaw, and meaning "Mountain Mirror") is a lovely lake in the town of Stockbridge, whose waters are so peculiarly clear, and the reflections of its borders so sharp, that it is often difficult to tell where its banks and waters meet!

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HAVE wronged you, Miss Harper," whispered Mrs. Dainty.

It cost the weak, proud woman, an effort to make this acknowledgement. But Madeline's arms were around both of their necks, and the child was clinging to both with a half trembling eagerness. This confession made all the rest easy.

"Return to us," she added, "and be to my children what you once were."

"Do come back again!" It was the pleading voice of Madeline. "Oh, I wish you had never gone away!"

Florence felt a shudder run through the child's body, as if some fearful image had been presented to her mind.

"Say you will come back, and take your old place, Miss Harper," urged Mrs. Dainty.

The arm of Madeline, which was around her mother's neck, withdrew itself and joined the arm that circled the neck of Florence.

"Say yes! Do say yes, Miss Harper!" and the child's clasping arms were drawn very tightly.

"Yes," said Florence, as she kissed the child.

"Oh! I am so glad! So glad!" cried Madeline, overcome with joy at this concession. "If you had never gone away!"

"We will be friends," said Mrs. Dainty, taking the hand of Florence Harper, and pressing it warmly. "I did not understand you before. But I see clearer to-day."

"Let the past be forgotten," answered Florence. "All are liable to misconception. I was faithful to your children; and I will be so again."

Then, whispering into the ears of Mrs. Dainty, she added,

"I fear we are exciting Madeline beyond what is prudent."

"You are right," answered the mother. "We are forgetting ourselves."

Madeline was still on the bed. Gently disengaging the arms that were around her neck, Florence looked smilingly into the face of Madeline, and said, in a cheerful tone,

"Come, Maddy, dear! you're wide enough awake, now, after a long sleep."

"How long have I been asleep?" the child asked curiously, glancing, as she spoke, towards the windows. "Is it morning?"

"No; the day is nearly done. It lacks scarcely an hour to sunset."

"Is it so late?" Madeline looked serious, and her face passed from transient light into shadow.

"Yes. You have slept a long time. But come, dear. You must get dressed for tea."

Madeline looked up at Miss Harper, with a kind of vague wonder in her countenance, and then let her eyes wander slowly about the room, as if searching for some person or object.

"Haven't I been away from here, Miss Harper?" she inquired, looking at Florence.

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I'm sure it isn't all just a dream. That Mrs. Jeckyl! O, dear! I feel so strangely." And Madeline laid her hand upon her breast.

"Don't think of anything, dear, but the happy present," said Florence, smiling into the little girl's face.

But the eyes of Madeline were filling with tears, and their expression had become very sad.

"Oh, it was so dreadful!"

"What was dreadful, Maddy?" her mother asked.

"I don't know," she answered, in a bewildered manner. "I saw it all, just now; and now it's gone again."

"What is gone, love?"

"I thought she was going to kill me." The child spoke as if to herself.

"Who, Maddy?"

"It was Mrs. Jeckyl. She had me in a room. O dear, Mother! I don't know what's the matter with me!"

And the child shuddered, while an expression of almost abject fear came into her face.

"You are safe at home, my love," said Mrs. Dainty, in a soothing voice. "There is no Mrs. Jeckyl here, but kind Miss Harper instead. And she is going to stay with us."

"That's best of all," replied Madeline, partially recovering herself, and looking up into the face of Miss Harper. "I was so sorry when you went away, and that dreadful woman came in your place."

"Won't you rise, now?" said Florence, taking Madeline by the hand, and drawing her gently upwards. The child yielded, and sat erect in bed. Mrs. Dainty brought a clean frock, and a change of under clothing, and both she and Florence busied themselves in removing the soiled garments of Madeline, and replacing them with such as were fresh and clean. The excitement of all this quickened and diverted her mind. When fully attired, and ready to join the anxious, expectant family, Florence said to her,

"I think your father and Uncle John are in the sitting-room. Shall we go down?"

She held out her hand. Madeline drew back for a moment.

"Come, dear?" Florence spoke cheerily. "I know Uncle John wants to see his pet."

Madeline took the hand of Miss Harper, who led her down stairs, and into the sitting-room. Mr. Dainty, old Mr. Fleetwood, Agnes and little George were there. Miss Harper gave each a warning glance, which was understood.

"Wide awake, pet?" said Uncle John, in a cheerful, affectionate voice. "What a nice, long sleep you have had!"

Mr. Dainty and Agnes avoided any remark, or indeed any exhibition of more than common interest. George ran up to Madeline, kissed her lovingly, and drew his arm around her waist. But he had been cautioned by his sister, and so made no allusion to recent exciting events.

"Georgie," whispered Madeline, putting her lips close to her brother's ear, "Miss Harper is coming to live here again."

"Is she?" responded the little boy, with a suddenly illuminated face.

"Yes, indeed. Ain't you, Miss Harper?" and Madeline looked up into the face of her governess.

"If you want me?" was the smiling reply.

"Oh, that's grand!" said George, striking his hands together, and jumping a foot from the floor. "Did you hear that, Uncle John?"

"Hear what?" asked the old gentleman.

"Miss Harper is coming back again!" answered the boy, "Oh! I'm so glad!"

Mr. Fleetwood threw an almost grateful look upon Florence, as he said,

"You have friends here, Miss Harper. Children are no hypocrites."

"If this is true, as I hope it is, let me welcome you with a most sincere welcome," said Mr. Dainty, coming forward, and giving his hand to Florence.

Mrs. Dainty entered at the moment. She had lingered in the chamber after Florence left.

"It is true," she spoke out with womanly frankness. "I have asked her to return, and she has kindly consented. We shall all know each other better in time, I hope."

The flushed cheeks, drooping eyes, and unsteady lips of Miss Harper, showed emotion, not triumph; and no eye that then read her countenance mistook its true expression.

Uncle John thanked his niece with his eyes, but said nothing.

"Ain't you glad? I am!" And George danced about the room, in his wild, impulsive way. "Hurrah for Miss Harper, and death on old snakes!"

Young America was losing himself.

"George! Georgie!" Agnes spoke in warning and reproof. Mr. Dainty raised his finger; and Uncle John said, "Hush!" But the boy's blood was up, and he rattled on.

"But didn't I give it to her just now! Didn't I make her mad, though! Old snakes! I reckon they heard me round the corner. If she comes here again, I'll shoot her! Old rip! Old hag! Old snakes!"

"George! Stop this instant!" said Mr. Dainty, in a stern voice.

"Was *she* here?" asked Madeline, her face growing suddenly pale.

Agnes took the boy's hand, and led him away.

"Come with me to the school-room," said Florence, with sudden animation. "I want to see how it looks there." And she drew Madeline towards the door. "We had some pleasant times there, hadn't we, Maddy? Do you remember the stories I used to tell?"

They were already in the passage.

"Oh, yes indeed!" was answered. "And they were such beautiful stories!"

"Would you like to hear another? I know a great many," said Florence.

"If you please, Miss Harper; I always love to hear your stories; they make me feel better."

"Oh! It looks as natural as can be!" said Florence, speaking with animation, as she entered the study room. "Here is my arm-chair, just in the old place. There! I am in it again, feeling quite at home and comfortable."

"And I am in my little chair, close by your side, and waiting for a story," said Madeline, who was already feeling the spirit of her companion, and true friend as well as teacher.

"The story is it?" And Florence bent down and left a kiss upon the sweet, upturned

face. "Very well; my promise shall be kept. Now, let me think; what shall the story be?"

"Miss Harper lifted her eyes, and sat thoughtful for some moments. Then reaching her hand towards a table that stood near, she took up a Bible, saying, as she did so,

"I used to read you some of the stories in this precious volume, and I think you always loved to hear them. Shall it be a Bible story, now?"

Florence was looking down upon the face of her pupil. Its expression suddenly changed into one of strong repugnance, and with an impatient gesture, she said,

"No; I don't want to hear a Bible story!"

Florence was shocked by the tone and manner of the child, more than by her words.

"Not a story from the divine Book, Maddy, dear?" she said, in a voice touched by an irrepressible sadness. "Oh, you cannot mean what you have said! Angels are present with us in the holy Word; and they bring to our souls peace and happiness. Let me read to you about the birth of our Saviour in Bethlehem."

Miss Harper opened to the second chapter of Matthew; as she did so, Madeline turned her head away. Miss Harper began,

"Now, when Jesus was born, ——"

The instant these words reached the ears of Madeline she sprung upon the volume in the hands of Miss Harper, and would have torn the open pages, if she had not been prevented. Her countenance was flushed almost to congestion, and her eyes gleamed with an evil light.

"Don't read that. I won't hear it! I hate it!" she exclaimed, passionately.

Florence felt a cold shudder run through her frame. Very still she sat, and silent, holding the hands of Madeline. For nearly a minute the hush, as of death, pervaded the room. Then she released the passive hands she held, and laid one of her own upon the child's head, smoothing the soft hair with a gentle pressure.

"Once, it is not many years ago, there was a dear little baby." The lips of Florence were close to the ears of Madeline, her voice was very low, the tones even and tenderly modulated. "I do not think there was ever a sweeter baby born into the world. It had the roundest of rosy cheeks, that were softer than any velvet; eyes as blue as Spring's first violets; and rich brown hair clustering in the tiniest little curls that ever were seen, all over its head. As this beautiful baby lay in its mother's arms, it looked like a cherub, more than like an earth-born baby."

Florence paused, for Madeline had placed both hands over her ears, so that not a word could reach the sense of hearing. She waited with forced calmness, until the hands were removed. Madeline did not look up into her face, but kept her eyes resting on the floor.

"There were other attendants on that baby, besides those visible to human eyes."

The hands of Madeline were raised quickly, but the closing words of the sentence arrested the movement.

"The mother did not see them—the father did not see them—but still they were there."

The hands of Madeline began to fall, and her ear slightly turned, listening, towards Florence.

"I said they were not visible to human eyes," resumed Miss Harper. Madeline looked up, beguiled into wonder. "But they were as really present, and as near the babe as its parents. No; not both of them." The last sentence was spoken in a changed tone, as if it involved some special meaning.

"Not both? who were they?" asked Madeline, her interest beginning to be excited.

"The one that stood near the babe," said Miss Harper, "had the form of a beautiful woman just passed upwards from sweet, young girlhood. Her countenance was lovelier, and purer in expression, than that of any face ever seen by you in a picture. She bent over the babe with clasped hands, gazing down upon it with looks of wondering love; and when it smiled, her face grew suddenly radiant. The other," Miss Harper's voice fell lower, and took on a graver tone, "stood in a distant corner of the room, almost crouching down, as if held there by some superior power. Very different was she from the pure being who bent over the child. Her face wore a frowning, malignant expression. Instead of curling golden hair, gracefully falling around her neck and upon her shoulders, dark, tangled locks stood out from her head, or crept down over her face, like serpents."

"Who were they?" asked Madeline, now thoroughly interested.

"One was the baby's guardian angel; the other, an evil spirit."

Madeline raised her eyes to the face of Miss Harper, with looks of deeper wonder.

"The angel's presence," resumed Florence, "was alone sufficient to hold that evil spirit, who wished to hurt the tender babe, at a distance; just as good affections in our hearts have power to hold the bad and selfish ones so far away that they can do us no possible harm.

Day by day that infant grew larger, and brighter, and happier; but never for a moment did the angel remove, nor for a moment cease to spread around the babe a sphere of tender love, of innocence, and holy calmness. And the mother, and all who drew near to look upon the babe, or to hold it like a precious thing in their arms, felt this angelic sphere as something tender, pure and loving."

"But what of that bad spirit?" asked Madeline, with increasing interest.

"The bad spirit," answered Florence, "remained also, and its evil eyes were always upon the babe. But the presence of that celestial being kept her ever at the same distance, and seemed to hold her there, as if by a powerful arm. She could not draw near to the babe, nor even make it aware of her presence."

"Day by day the child continued to grow, and to become more beautiful, until four months of its sweet life had passed. Still the angel and the bad spirit kept unweariedly their guard over, and watch upon the babe. Occasionally, a slight shade would now cross the angel's face, and always at the same instant a gleam of pleasure would lighten the dark countenance of the watchful fiend."

"A fiend, Miss Harper!" There was a slight pallor on the face of Madeline, and the interest it expressed was verging on to the painful.

"I will call one a fiend, as I call the other an angel. To do good is angelic, while to do evil is fiend-like. None but a fiend could take pleasure in doing harm to an innocent babe. Well, as I was saying, after this darling baby was a few months old, the angel's face would, at times, be shadowed; and then a gleam of malignant pleasure would flash over the countenance of the attendant fiend. And now, I will tell you the reason. Do you wish to hear?"

"O yes, Miss Harper! Tell me the reason," answered Madeline, all attention.

"The babe, even as early as I have said, displayed an evil temper. It grew angry, pushed its mother away, and resisted her. This troubled the guardian angel, and this it was that gave the fiend delight. But these fits of passion were but transient, passing away as the morning cloud and the early dew, under the sunny influence of that blessed guardian angel. The fiend was still repelled—still kept at a distance. But she wearied not with waiting. She knew that her time would come—that the angel would not always have power to hold her in the distance."

Miss Harper paused, and looked into the face of Madeline. There was something in its deeply interested expression that a little puzzled her.

"Shall I go on?" she asked.

"The fiend didn't hurt the baby, Miss Harper? The angel didn't go away?" Her voice was earnest, almost to eagerness.

"The angels never leave us of their own accord. We drive them away, and then, instantly, evil spirits take their places. This is so from childhood, even to old age. It was so with the baby, of whom I am telling you; it is so with your brother Georgy, now; so with you; so with me; so with every one. We choose our own companions, always—and they are evil or good. No angel can be near to us when we are angry with our brother, when we hate, when we are selfishly seeking our own pleasure in a total disregard of others; and the moment these bad affections push the angel attendants away, evil spirits draw near, and by their malignant power increase our anger, hate and selfishness, and make us wretched in consequence—for bad passions always produce unhappiness."

Madeline looked very serious, almost sad.

"Is it so with all of us?" she asked, in a low voice.

"It is so with all of us, dear. But shall I tell you more about this baby?"

"Yes."

"No, Maddy, the evil spirit was not permitted to do the baby harm; the loving angel appointed to be the guardian of its infantile life, did not depart."

"But you said that the bad spirit knew that her time would come," interrupted Madeline.

Florence sighed. "Am I bearing her beyond her depth?" she said, questioning with herself. There was a moment or two of silence. Then she resumed,

"The baby had a good mother, and to her mind the angel was all the while suggesting right ways of influencing her precious darling; and so, as the babe grew older, its mind clearer, and its experience wider, that loving mother was a partner with the angel in guarding it from evil, and in sowing in its young mind the seeds of goodness. Now, Maddy, just think for a moment, of the mind of a babe as a garden, all prepared in the Spring time, for seeds. If true thoughts, and gentle and good affections are sown in this garden, good and beautiful plants will spring up; but if false thoughts, and bad affections are scattered upon

the ground, poisonous weeds will grow. You can see that?"

"O, yes," answered Madeline.

"Well, as I was saying, the baby had a good mother; and she sowed good seeds in its infantile mind, and as these began to grow the angel saw pure and beautiful things there, and so kept very near. If weeds had been suffered to spring up in this garden, and hide or destroy the heavenly plants, the angel would have been repelled by these evil things, while the bad spirit, seeing in them what was delightful, would have approached, and hurt the baby by stimulating them to a more rapid growth. Do you understand my meaning?"

"I think so."

"One of the first things that was taught to this baby, as its mind began to open, was the existence of God."

Florence spoke low and reverently, while her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of her attentive listener. She saw a slight impulse strike the child's features, and a flush of sudden feeling veil them.

"Of that good God, who had sent his pure angel to be its guardian," she added, in a still lower and more reverent voice.

The light returned again to Madeline's face.

"'How shall I do this?' asked the mother, in her own heart, and the reply came. She did not know that it was the angel's voice that gave the wished-for answer. So she took the little one's hands in hers, one evening, clasped and raised them upwards, and said, 'God bless little Amy.' The baby was too young to repeat the words of her mother, or even to comprehend their full meaning; but the angel, who bent very near, breathed a holy feeling into her tender spirit, and she had a faint impression of something higher than the visible, and up to which she might look for blessing. How sweetly the angel smiled at this—how darkly frowned the watchful fiend. The first idea of God was given; and that was a great gain, for the angel could now be more intimately present with the child in this idea. So far the angel was triumphing over the fiend."

"Are angels present with us when we think of God?" asked Madeline, interrupting Miss Harper, and speaking with the manner of one who felt an interest in the question.

"If we think of him reverently, they are."

"How reverently, Miss Harper?"

"As great, and good, and holy," said Florence, "for then we shall desire to be like Him, and angels are always present with us when we desire to be good."

"And do they help us to be good?"

"Always. That is to them the most delightful of employments."

The eyes of Madeline drooped. She sighed faintly, and remained silent. Florence waited for some moments, and then went on, speaking slowly and impressively.

"Tenderly loved, and wisely guarded, the first moons of the baby's life waxed and waned, and at last a golden year of its life was completed. The idea of God, once conceived in the child's mind, grew daily into a more distinct impression. Her guardian angel never let that first, best impression become dim, and the good mother was a co-worker with the angel."

"'Mamma, read,' said little Amy, one day. She was just beginning to repeat a few small words. The best Book in the world was lying on the table, just by the mother's side, and she turned to it, and let her eyes rest upon the open page. Then, a strange thing happened. Both the angel and the evil spirit drew near to the child. Tender interest, and holy love were on the face of the angel; anger, hate, and fierce determination on the countenance of the fiend. The angel knew that every sentence from the holy Book that entered the child's mind, and fixed itself in her memory, would be a link in the chain by which her spirit might be joined to Heaven; and the fiend knew that just in the degree that her mind was filled with the holy precepts and divine narratives of the Bible, would she pass harmless through the trials and temptations of her future life, and rise superior to the powers of darkness. And so the angel bent with the tenderest solicitude over the child, while the spirit strove to disturb her mind, or awaken in it some evil passion. But the influence of good was strongest, and as the mother read, the little one leaned her head, and listened with fixed attention. Thus she read: 'Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born king of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.' The evil spirit could not abide in the presence of this Word of truth, as it entered the mind of an innocent little child, and so retired to a distance, almost writhing in hatred and pain. The mother read on: 'When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together,

he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor, that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently at what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I may come and worship him also; when they had heard the King, they departed; and lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.'"

Florence had triumphed; for Madeline was listening to this story of the Nativity with deep attention. And so she kept on, repeating from memory the whole chapter.

"And now," continued Florence, "not a day passed in which that innocent little one did not ask her mother to read; and the mother read to her, at least once every day, some story from the Bible, so that, as she grew older, her memory was full of precious histories, in the thought of which her guardian angel could be present with her. She loved to hear of little Samuel; of Joseph who was sold into Egypt by his brethren; and of the blessed Saviour, who went about doing good.

"And so the child grew, and grew, until babyhood was passed, and the sweetness of infancy gave place to a more earnest life. But always the day opened or closed with some lesson from the holy Book, and when that was read, the angel drew very near to the child, while the fiend shrunk afar off. No matter how many selfish feelings the evil spirit had been successful in awakening through the day, thus grieving the watching angel, when the Bible was read her power was gone, and she shrunk away in fear from its divine brightness.

"And still, as the child grew, her mother taught her to pity the poor, the sick, and the suffering, and to find pleasure in doing kind offices, instead of only desiring to have good things for herself. In all these teachings, the angel was very near, helping the mother, and overcoming the fiend's influence, which was ever active. Often it happened that the fiend would take the child in an unguarded moment, and fill her mind with evil thoughts, or stir her heart with an evil passion. For a little while she would have power over her; but the angel had a dwelling place in the child's mind, and entering, would subdue the enemy, and cast her out. What was that dwelling place, Madeline?"

Miss Harper looked lovingly into the face of her earnestly listening pupil.

"I don't know," was answered.

"Shall I tell you?"

"O yes. I want to know."

"Why?"

Madeline did not answer.

"Would you like angels to have a dwelling place in your mind?"

"O yes, Miss Harper."

"That dwelling place," said Florence, very impressively, "was formed of the blessed words of truth she had learned from the Bible. Into these the angel could enter and abide; and she did enter, and by the power of celestial love drove out the fiend."

"Long years afterwards," continued Florence, "when the child, grown to be a woman, had taken her place in the world as one of its actors, meeting its cares, trials, crosses and temptations, she was able to overcome in all the life-battles she was called to fight. Evil spirits assailed her, and sought the destruction of her soul. They were around her in the morning, at mid-day, and evening. But angels were also present with her, and present with power, for in her memory they found passages from the word of God, and they abode in them with all their protecting influence, and helped her to fight the enemies of her soul, even to their final overthrow. I very much fear, that if her mother had not filled her memory with stories and precepts from the Book of Books, these evil assailants from hell would have overcome in her great life-battle. But she had angels on her side; and God's angels are always more powerful than demons. One of these blessed beings can put ten thousand evil spirits to flight. O, then, let us make them our friends! Let us prepare dwelling places for them in our hearts, where they may always abide, and shield us from the powers of darkness. They dwell with us in the divine teachings of this holy Book."

And Florence, speaking with tender solemnity, lifted the Bible from the table, and held it open before Madeline.

"Fill your mind with its heavenly lessons. Let the angels come to you, and make their abode with you in its divine precepts. Take it to your heart, dear Madeline!"

Madeline stood almost rigid for a moment or two, as if life were suspended. Then, with a gush of tears, she caught at the Book, and clasped it passionately to her breast.

"Amen! God be praised!" The lips of Florence parted, as her wet eyes sprung upwards; there was a low murmur on the air; and these were her words of thankfulness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

LUCIA MARSH'S JOURNAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"AND who is Lucia Marsh?" I seem to know you are wondering, little children, whom never having seen I yet have talked with from month to month, for so long a time that I have grown to love you. I know that you dwell far apart; some in fair city homes, and some in pretty country cottages, some among the hills of the North, and some amid the fragrant flowers and under the fair skies of the South; but no matter who you are or where you live, whether boys or girls, are you not the dear children whom every month I come to talk with? And though I may not look in your bright eyes, and you may not hear the tones of my voice, if my words are taken into your hearts, it is well.

Lucia Marsh, then, is a little girl, just twelve years old, the daughter of a dear friend of mine, whom every Summer I go to visit, firstly because I love her, and secondly because I love the country, and the sweep of green meadows, and the reach of the blue, haze-draperied hills, and the drowsy hum of the bees, and the sweet melody of the birds that I always see and hear when I put away the curtains from my chamber window on a Summer's morning. Lucia has one brother, Robert, who is sixteen, and rather tall, and shy, at that. She is not handsome; I hardly think she is pretty; but her face is one of those that "always has a story to tell;" and, children, the longer you live the more you will grow to like this kind of faces. Her cheeks are brown with the sun, and bright with health, and her deep grey eyes are generally full of smiles.

"Won't you let me see some of it, Lucia?" I said one day, as she closed her Journal just as I came into the room.

The bloom deepened in her cheek. "Oh, I can't!" she answered, with a long drawn breath.

"Yes you can, Lucia; just two or three pages; you shall designate for me. You know I do not wish to read the whole, or learn anything you would keep from me."

Lucia opened the book, ran her eyes over several pages, and at last specified half a dozen which I might read.

"You will remember them?" she said, placing the book in my hands.

"I will remember, Lucia;" and she left me. I paused a moment to admire the brown, embossed covers, for the Journal was a very tasteful one, presented to Lucia by her father on her eleventh birthday. Then I opened to one of the pages Lucia had indicated, and read:

"June 12.—We have had company for two days; an old schoolmate of Mother's, who has married a minister. I liked Mr. and Mrs. Hughes very much, and Mother has promised that when she visits them I shall go also; 'but there's no telling when that'll happen, for you know how closely I'm tied at home,' said Mother

"'It's all in your eye, Susan,' laughed Father; 'you could go to-morrow, if you'd only think so.'

"'That's all men know about women's work,' answered Mother, 'but I guess James would miss me when it came one o'clock and there was no dinner on the table, or what there was was spoiled.'

"So the laugh was turned against Father. But I shall go to Westbrook some day, I know I shall.

"Some words in Mr. Hughes's prayer have haunted me all the day. 'May we not let the sun go down upon our wrath.' I could not help thinking about Jane Waite, when he said this, and then I remembered that the suns of a whole week had gone down upon my wrath, for it is just that time since we have spoken to each other.

"I will tell you, Journal, how it happened. Last week the new desks came, and Miss Stanley said we should draw for them. Well, my letter was the highest, so I had the first desk, the one close to the window before which the old pear tree stands, where the robins build their nests and sing their sweet ballads all the Summer. Jane's was next but one

to mine, and I saw she looked very cross as she turned away and tossed her books into the desk with an air of 'most winning unamiability,' as Robert says. I didn't mind this much, though, for I was busy arranging my books until recess. I got out a little later than the other girls, and ran down to a group on one corner of the green. They were so busily engaged in talking they did not observe me, and just as I reached them I heard Josephine Clark say,

"'Well, girls, Lucia Marsh got the best, didn't she?'

"'Yes,' said Jane Waite, looking round, 'she always gets the best of everything; but I bet she looked in the book beforehand.'

"'Oh, she wouldn't be so mean as that,' spoke up several of the girls.

"Here I sprang forward, and I was hardly ever so angry in my life. 'I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Jane Waite, to say I'd do such a thing as that.'

"She was ashamed I knew it, for her face grew very red, but all the girls' eyes were on her, and she thought the best thing was to brave it out, so she looked me in the face boldly, and answered, 'I don't care, I shall say it again, if I have a mind to.'

"'Well, Jane Waite, you're too mean to talk with, but I'll never speak to you again, so long as I live, see if I do,' I said, and then I turned away, and several of the girls came to me and whispered, 'I wouldn't mind her, any way, Lucia,' but if I hadn't been too proud I should have cried on the spot.

"Well, a whole week has gone by, and Jane and I have not spoken; but ever since Mr. Hughes's prayer I've felt quite uncomfortable about it, because, after all, I don't know as it's right not to speak to her. Still, it was so mean to say that about me, and the girls will think I have not any spirit at all if I try to make up after they all heard me declare I would never speak to her again. I don't know what to do. It troubles me. There, Mamma is calling me to go and feed the chickens."

—

"June 14.—I wonder what it is makes me feel so very happy to-night. It seems as if there was some sweet tune wandering up and down my heart; and I believe it has been there ever since I spoke to Jane Waite this morning.

"I will tell you how it happened. It was noon, and we were in the dressing hall; she and I, and several of the girls.

"'Oh, dear,' she exclaimed, looking around. 'I wish I could find my gloves!'

"At that moment I caught sight of them, for they had fallen down, and rolled close to my feet.

"'Here they are, Jane,' and I picked them up, and offered them to her.

"'Oh, thank you, Lucia;' but she seemed a good deal surprised, and several of the girls turned and looked at me.

"This afternoon, at recess, she came to me, and said, 'Lucia, I didn't really mean that I believed you looked into the book that day we drew for our desks; but I was angry, you know.'

"'And I was angry, too, Jane, or I shouldn't have said I would never speak to you, again; but we'll think no more about it, now.'

"So it's all made up; and I believe what the minister said the other Sabbath in his sermon, was true. 'There is no happiness so sweet as that of forgiving.' Then I know Jane is a naturally jealous disposition, and I've won several prizes she studied very hard to get, particularly that gold pencil last Winter, and I suppose these things make her feel a little bitter.

"What a 'hector' Robert is! Just as I wrote that last word, he came in, saying, 'Don't you think apples are ripe early this season, Lucia? here's one I got for you,' and he placed a large red one on the table.

"'Oh, Robert, where in the world did you get it?' and I took it up.

"'Well, not far from here,' and he left the room.

"I put the apple to my lips, and it was hard as wood; my teeth could make no impression on it; yes, and it *was* wood; I discovered it, after a second attempt; wood shaped and painted; so shaped and painted, that it perfectly resembled an apple. Then I remembered apple trees were in blossom only two weeks ago, and of course they couldn't have matured apples in this brief time.

"'Oh, Robert, you rogue. I know what you're up to,' I cried, then turning around, I saw him in the door, laughing so he could not stand straight, and he broke out, as soon as he caught my eyes.

"Papa says he don't know what that boy's incorrigible love of fun will bring him to.

"I pulled his hair well for him, that was all the consolation I got."

MY FIRST LESSON.

WHEREVER there are great collections of people, there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport, where the State Fair was held, a few weeks ago. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled, and led others to do so. Now, it is a very simple thing to gamble, so simple, and often it appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor, degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed, and looking sick and weak. He held in his hands several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day school, and always has his lesson at Sunday school. He showed this in his face, as he stepped up to the man, and said, "What's that for?"

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you *six* cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent, and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny, and won six. Did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won them just as gamblers win money*. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him his six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his comrades.

That was an *honest* boy.

SELECTED.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CLAIMS OF SOCIETY UPON WOMAN.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

[THOUGH not designed for our *Mothers' Department*, the following article is in the right spirit, and will give strength and good purposes to every mother who will take its lessons to heart.]

Because home is woman's peculiar province, it does not follow that society has no claims upon her. The faithful performance of every home duty is, indeed, her first of social duties. She owes it to the community in which she lives, that the father or the husband whose home she shares shall be the better citizen for her influence. He should carry purer principles, and kindlier estimates of his fellow men forth from his hearth-stone than he can gather in the haunts of business. Her children's characters, too, must be moulded by her care. Thoughtfully and prayerfully must she watch for opportunities to sow the good seed in their young hearts, which shall ripen into blessings upon all connected with them in after life. Her first duty is that she seek to make every inmate of her home happier, and better for her presence there. The notable housekeeper, whose perfect domestic arrangements excite the admiring wonder of a neighborhood, may fail in this, and if she does, if the moral and intellectual natures of her family have been forgotten, in her care for their physical comfort, she has most miserably failed in her life work. I would not undervalue these creature comforts. Many a man's temper has been soured by a repetition of ill-cooked dinners, or buttonless shirts. Little respect can she command who fails in these simple duties. Let no woman plead the claims of society, as she devotes her time to works of charity, leaving the comfort of those dearest to her to hirelings. Only by doing the duty which lies nearest, can one see clearly to do that which is beyond. Household economy is beneath the thoughtful attention of no true woman. She may, if her husband's income warrant the expense, leave the manual labor to servants; but the head-work, and the heart-work must be her own. There is no degradation in the most menial employments, if done earnestly as a part of duty. The loving heart and skilful hand dignifies each task, and makes it a pleasure. Let your thoughts linger upon these home duties, my reader; the smallest of them may be of infinite moment in its consequences.

I honor the women, and there are many such, who unselfishly devote every energy to the welfare of their families, even as I pity those who seem to find their only pleasures outside the home circle; but I think that between the two extremes lies the path of duty. Those who confine their thoughts to their homes, do not exercise their whole natures. They wear themselves out as soon as those whose duties and pleasures are more varied; but their sympathies and affections are cramped by the routine of daily duties, and neither minds nor souls expand to the full measure of perfect womanhood. Our Father has made us social beings, and there is a kind of refined selfishness in allowing one's family to occupy the whole heart. A woman does not fail

in her home duties because she sees others needing her attention. If she moves in society in such a manner as to enlarge her own sympathies, her family will be gainers by her growth of character. Besides, there is a rest, which helps to preserve a healthy tone in both mind and body, in change of occupation. She who has worked industriously all the forenoon for her family, may carry cheering words to an invalid's chamber, or her sympathy to a bereaved friend, and return before the children arrive from school, with new vigor for the evening, while she has left a blessing behind her. Nor are woman's only social duties to the sick and the suffering. She owes kindly feeling, and expression of that feeling to the friends she has been winning from childhood. Let her not say she has no time for correspondence, or for calls. She may be tied closely at home, she should be so tied, if she has young children; but let her break away occasionally, if it can only be in the thought which dictates a mere note. No God-given capacity should be allowed to rust for want of exercise, and they who plead want of time to cultivate their social powers, may only want energy.

Do not rush blindly into society, hither and thither, wherever a whim may carry you. That would neither help you in imparting philanthropic principles to your children, nor in improving your own characters. Devote thought to the subject. Endeavor to increase the happiness of every one with whom you may come in contact; but seek the companionship of such as can sympathize with you in your efforts to obey the divine injunction, "be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." I do not mean that your minds must never unbend from lofty aspirations. Far from it; you would thus make the holy principles which should ever be your guides very unattractive to most of those about you. Be ready to enter into every innocent amusement, with the same heartiness that you would undertake a work of charity. Mirthfulness is as truly a God-given capacity as benevolence, and I would distrust that religion which would crush or conceal it. Be cheerful, be gay, but be in earnest. Avoid every approach to levity concerning sacred things. Learn to enjoy with your whole being the beautiful things of earth. Look always to the bright side, and teach your children thus to find happiness.

In a word, be true to your highest, purest natures, for, even as "an honest man is the noblest work of God," is not the true woman, the loving friend, the faithful wife, the devoted mother, the earnest disciple of Him, "who spake as never man spake," the *holiest* work of our Father.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1858.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Nothing could be more modestly unpretending than this toilette. The mantilla of brown or black cloth is cut with a *basque* back, and the fore-part is cut full to give room for the shoulders. When made of cloth, it is not lined, but the seams are covered with black ribbon, and the edges are bound with velvet, extending around the collarless neck; and it is closed with a pretty chenille cord and tassels, close under the chin. It is sometimes made of chenille velvet, in which case it is lined with black or blue silk.

Robe of green reps, enlivened by quilles up the sides of the skirt, formed by diagonal lines of black velvet. Lace boots of brown lasting, and kid gloves. Narrow lace collar, and the lace undersleeves are divided, by bands of very narrow black velvet ribbon, into three puffs, ending with a close wristband confined by a double button over the glove. Bonnet of black or dark brown silk, ornamented with straws and Antilla roses, and trimmed with ribbon of the same color as the bonnet. This is an early Spring promenade dress, the robe being appropriate for an evening visit; or with a *cache-peigne* as a hair ornament, and a silk opera basque, or a light mantilla, it is proper to wear at a gay party, or any select place of amusement.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of Scottish taffetas, with little *chines* figure. Down the whole length of the skirt is placed full bands, of a color to form a lively relief to the color of the robe; and these plaited or puffed *quilles* augment from the waist to the bottom; and that which is placed on the skirt of the basque matches, so as to appear like one row of plaited puffs from the bottom of skirt to the waist. Basque body, high and flat, closing up the front with flat buttons. Sleeves of four puffs or *bouillons*. The skirt is enlivened by rows of wide ribbon, with an infinitessimal row in the same color near each edge of the wide ribbon. White silk bonnet, with chicory edge to the border, and a fall of white blonde over the crown, and partly over the

curtain. The bonnet is a rich, full toilet one, ornamented with a full-blown rose, buds, and foliage, and with narrow lace edging across the under side of the ears and the curtain, and underneath the brim it is trimmed with two ruches (or one full one) of white blonde, with brides tied with a rich double bow. Undersleeves of large *bouillons*, straw kids, lace kerchief, and drab lasting gaiters, and white linen stockings.

GENERAL REMARKS.

There has recently been considerable talk in favor of adopting the *retrousse jupe* for promenade; but we think it will not meet with very general favor for city wear. Of course it is more convenient for country wear than the long skirt, especially where the ladies do not understand the art of raising the skirt with the graceful *naifte* of a *Parisienne*. The dress is woven by the peasant girls of Scotland, and was adopted by Victoria in compliment to the taste of the Scottish women, and worn by the Queen during her stay at Balmoral last Fall. It consists of an under-skirt or petticoat of red and white longitudinal stripes, and extending to the upper part of the ancle-joint; over this is worn the usual skirt, which is looped up at either one or both sides, so as to show a half-foot of the bottom of the striped petticoat.

The Spring style of bonnet has not yet become decided; when fully and reliably *set*, we shall report the style, and we expect to be able to do so with the next number. In the meantime, the fair reader cannot go far wrong in adhering to the styles illustrated by the colored plate.

With the next number we anticipate being able to give a full catalogue of Spring goods and trimmings. The skirt question is the most important one just now, and it seems to be regarded as of too great consequence to render a full decision upon yet, for flounces, double skirts, and *quilles*, (*lais de cote*) are equally fashionable. *Basques* also maintain favor, though all the ladies in Paris and New York say they are unfashionable. Crinoline is still in favor, and so is the hooped petticoat, but they are scarcely so ample as they were in the Fall. The *modistes* are now taxing their ingenuity for introducing a different shape of inflated skirt, so as to throw it off further behind, and make it set nearer the person in front and at the sides. If this *desideratum* can be obtained, it will greatly improve the grace of the skirt, which now swings round like a cage as it is. We advise the lady readers of the Home Magazine to return to corded petticoats, where they cannot afford the real crinoline, for the hooped skirt will soon be cast into routine, and besides, the corded skirt may be formed into some shape, and it is more neat, convenient, cleanly, and modest, than the whirling hoops.

OTTOMAN IN ORNE FLUTED EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—1 ball of Orne wool, No. 4, with commenced canvas. An inverted box may be converted into an Ottoman, or one may be made for little expense. The *Orne* wool may be obtained through any Berlin shop. Each row is begun in the centre of the length of wool, worked from right to left. The knot determines each row, and the pink ends of each length of wool must be kept on one side. When one row is completed, turn over and work the next.

This fluted embroidery is one of the richest kinds of work seen in modern days; it is worked without any effort to remember stitches, and may be taken up at any time, conversation or amusement being no bar to its production; both sides of the work are alike—the colors are extremely brilliant and richly contrasted—and, in the pattern given, the ground color is of the brightest emerald color, the fringe, as nearly as possible, of the same tint, and the whole, when mounted, makes an exquisite article of furniture.

BOOK CUSHION IN ORNE KNITTING.

Materials.—One ball of No. 16 Orne knitting wool; No. 11 knitting pins; one-half ounce shaded amber; one-half ounce of deep claret Berlin wool. No. 2 Penelope Hook; 1 yard of twilled colored lining; two-thirds yard of claret-colored cotton or silk velvet; as much bran as will stuff the cushion hard. Some silk gimp or worsted bullion fringe to match, and four tassels.

The Orne knitting ball consists of beautifully colored threads of fine wool knotted at equal lengths; each knot terminating one row; and this, when knitted up, produces the engraved elegant design, which is twenty-two inches long by seventeen broad.

With the claret Berlin wool cast on 140 stitches, then join on the Orne knitting ball, and knit it in moss stitch, thus:

1*st Row.*—Slip 1. Knit and pearl each stitch alternately.

2*nd.*—Slip 1. Pearl and knit alternately.

Observe that the stitch which was pearled, must in the next row be knitted, and always slip the first stitch. By continuing this from knot to knot, the design will work itself out; but should the thread of wool be too long or too short, tighten or slacken the preceding stitches with a pin, or the finger and thumb, but *invariably* bring the knot to the edge. When the ball is knitted up, with the claret wool work a row of Dc all round, making three stitches into each corner stitch of the knitting. Then, with shaded wool, work a row of double L stitches all round. These are made by twisting the wool twice over the hook; *work three stitches into every stitch at the corner.* Then, with claret wool, work another row; damp the knitting, pull it, and lay it between linen cloths under a heavy weight. Now make up the cushion, and trim it as in engraving. This work will wash and look equal to new, by mixing a little ox-gall with a little curd-soap lather, and washing it in the ordinary way, spreading it out to dry, and turning it frequently.

COLLAR.

This pattern must be worked in the direction of the lines in the engraving. Five or six

points will make a collar, according to the stoutness of the lady. It will also form a beautiful gauntlet-cuff; but for that purpose the outer edge of scollops and the outer row of grapes must be worked in red ingrain cotton. It is all worked in satin-stitch, with the exception of the eyelet-holes, and they are in button-hole stitch. The large flowers must have a few stitches run the long way before working across, to raise them higher than the other part of the work. The edging of all is a fine chain of crochet. When it can be introduced, it always gives a finish to the work.

MORNING ROBE.

This elegant morning dress is of fine white cambric, the back slightly full, and drawn in at the waist with three fine shirrs. Three rows of delicately wrought cambric insertion, separated by puffings of cambric, two inches wide, forming a mass of superb trimming, which covers the entire front at the shoulders, and decreases to the width of four inches at the waist. The skirt is long, and flows about the person in ample drapery. The sleeves are long, and just large enough to allow the hand to pass through with ease; they are bordered with a cuff, four inches deep, which folds back on the sleeve, and is formed of bands of insertion and puffings of cambric. The edge is finished with a frill of needlework in deep open scollops. A round collar forms a pretty finish to the neck; like the trimming of the sleeves, it is formed of puffings of cambric, alternated with bands of insertion, and edged with a needlework frill. The front is secured by small lace buttons, and brought into graceful form at the waist by wide cambric strings, edged with needlework.

INFANT'S ROBE.

This is a beautiful robe, elaborately decorated with insertions and needlework edging. The bottom of the skirt is enriched with exquisite needlework, above which are placed three groups of narrow tucks, thirteen in the lower one, eleven in the second, and nine in the third. A piece of graduated trimming ornaments the front; it commences four inches wide at the bottom, and graduating to half the width at the waist, is continued up the front in a straight piece. It is composed of eight groups of narrow tucks, alternated with rows of richly wrought insertions, edged with fine Swiss needlework. A border of insertion and edging surrounds the outer edge, extending around the bottom, and up the front as far as the neck, which is edged in like manner. The short sleeves are enriched with double rows of insertion, edged with narrow needlework frills.

INFANT'S SHOE.

Materials.—A small piece of chamois leather, a little coarse crochet silk, or Russian braid, and a small quantity of beads, of various colors, the size usually called seed-beads, and a size larger. Also two short white bugles, or large beads, and a few gold ones.

The shoe is cut in one piece, out of good Chamois leather. It is in the form of a boot, being about three inches deep. It is sewed up the front to the instep, and the toe gathered in; the back of the heel is also sewed up. A bugle is placed at the toe, over the close of the gathers, with a few gold beads forming a star around it. The seam up the front is covered by rows of beads of various bright, strongly contrasting colors. They are laid on in the pattern in the following order: The seam is covered by two rows of blue, these are surrounded by clear white, then a round of garnet, the next, bright green, the outer row chalk white. The upper part of the leather, to the depth of an inch, falls over around the ancle, giving it additional warmth. It is trimmed with blue beads, larger than those on the front. The edges are not hemmed, as the turning over of the leather would make them clumsy; and the seams are made perfectly flat. The strings round the ancle are of braid, or of silk twisted into a cord, and finished with small tassels.

A shoe of about three inches and a half long, will be found quite sufficiently large for the first size. It should be worn with a fine open-worked sock.

COSTUME OF RUSSIAN BOY.

The material is of fine black cloth. The under-skirt is cut in the form of a loose saque, secured at the waist with a rich black cord and tassels. The over jacket of the same material, is cut in polka form, open in front, and sloping back to the arms in graceful curves. The sleeves are short and flowing, revealing a linen cambric undersleeve of snowy whiteness. The pants are of the same fine black cloth, full, and gathered at the knee in Turkish fashion; they are worn with leggings of black cloth, and shoes of glossy patent-leather. A black beaver hat, with a low round crown, ornamented with an ostrich plume.

MORNING CAP.

The crown is circular, and formed of delicate Valenciennes lace, separated by insertions of fine *flametis* embroidery. A border of quilled Valenciennes, rather wide, surrounds the crown entirely, and one falls back from the front, separated by knots and puffs of rose-colored ribbon; another border falls from under that which edges the crown behind, and forms a cape; loops of pink ribbon, edged with narrow Valenciennes, form rich side trimmings, and end behind the ear in long flowing strings. Two loops of ribbon separate the double cape behind.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

This border is designed for two purposes, either for a handkerchief border and corner, or for trimmings for sleeves, &c. It is all worked in the direction of the lines given, with the exception of the eyelet-holes, and they are in button-hole stitch. This pattern will look well if the outer edge is in red ingrain cotton. Let the small flowers have the threads run the long way before working; the middle line in the leaves must be in chain-stitch.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CARE OF THE EYES.

[FROM that excellent publication, *Hall's Journal of Health*, published in New York by W. W. Hall, M. D., at one dollar a year, we take a page of common sense hints on health and morals, and commend them to our readers.]

Crawford, the celebrated sculptor, had an inveterate habit of reading in a reclining position; one eye has been taken out in consequence of a cancerous tumor forming behind it, and his life has paid the forfeit, after years of suffering, and the expenditure of a large amount of money.

Prescott, the historian, in consequence of a disorder of a nerve, by which the eyes were rendered useless for all writing purposes, could not use a pen, as he was unable to see when it failed to make a mark for want of ink; nor could he distinguish the lines or edges of his paper; yet, with these disadvantages, he wrote all his *historicals*, using an agate stylus on carbonated paper, being guided as to the lines or edges by brass wires drawn through a wooden frame; but, with all these hindrances, he has made himself one of the most readable of modern historians, and earned a fortune besides.

To avoid these and similar calamities, we urge upon the young, especially, never to use the eyes by any artificial light, where nicety of sight is required, nor to use them in any strained position, or while riding in rail-cars or carriages.

We urge upon all parents, in view of the many incurable eye diseases, to caution their children against reading by twilight, that is, not before sunrise nor after sunset. It would be greatly better not to allow them to read or sew by any artificial light; but if that is unavoidable, let it be imperative they cease by nine o'clock at night in Summer, and by ten at furthest, in the Winter. It is a most inexcusable folly, and will, sooner or later, bring its punishment, to read or sew by gas, or lamp, or candle light, and then sleep after daylight next morning, as a habit. To persons of all ages it is a most injurious practice.

HEALTHY RECREATIONS.

Amusement is as much a necessity to the mind as food is to the body. The mind is vivified by pleasureable recreations as much as the body is sustained by a nutritious diet. But not less transient and deceptive than the aids which opium, and tobacco, and alcohol afford the body, are novel-reading and theatrical performances, the unsubstantial quickeners of the mind and heart. And as nothing gives the body more enduring strength than plain substantial meat and bread, so the intellect and the affections are strengthened by the exercise of those real benevolences which every-day life, in cities especially, so loudly call for.

The dollar spent for a seat in the theatre amuses its occupant for a few short hours, and after they are past, there is nothing real to look back upon. That same dollar spent upon one of the thousands of the children of want in any large community, would make that poor child feel rich for a day, and would lift up and happify his stricken heart, as often as remembered, for many long days to come, while, as to the donor's, it will be a sweet thing to think of, even in a dying hour. Let our recreations then be, not in sham and show, but in sweet realities.

COLD FEET.

Nothing is more inducive of pulmonary disease than cold feet. Cold feet cannot possibly occur if the circulation is properly kept up. A sense of coldness in them is an indication that they are not sufficiently protected by clothing. Our bodies are often overburdened with overcoats and wrapping-shawls, while our limbs are but imperfectly covered. Now there is nothing more dangerous than allowing the feet to become damp and cold. Health requires that they should always be kept warm and dry. It is better to pay the tailor, and shoemaker, and hosier, for preserving your health, than to pay the doctor for curing you after you are ill.

Recall some of your past experience, and you will soon discover that two-thirds of the colds you have suffered from were produced by getting cold and wet feet. The Indians understand this fully. In their wigwams they always lay down with their feet toward the fire. When they are travelling in cold weather, and are compelled to sleep in the open air, they dig a hole in the earth, in the centre of which they build a fire, and then lie down in a circle, each one hanging his legs into the hole. In this custom they have the simple guidance of experience.

THE BEST INHERITANCE

Is ability to help one's self, manly principles, and a good constitution. Infinitely more valuable are these than beauty, birth, or blood. Beside them, wealth, and fame, and position, pale away in darkness, when they have come down from father to son; because then they may be lost, and are ignobly lost in countless instances. But with these—health, manliness, and self-sustaining power—wealth is created, a name may be founded as lasting as that of the Cæsars, and a standing among men secured of more honorable mention than the coffers of all kings could purchase.

These things being true, the wiser policy of parents is, not to work themselves to death, in order to leave their children perishable thousands; but, by judicious teachings from infancy, show those children how to take care of their health, and how to make a living for themselves.

Hints for Housekeepers.

Boiled Corned Beef.—This is a staple food in a majority of families, during several months of the year, and in most cases the cooking may be greatly improved. The two chief errors are, first, in not cooking it long enough, and second, in losing a large proportion of its real nutriment. We always prefer it prepared as follows: Soak in warm, not hot water, just long enough to take out all excess of salt. Then cover it so that the steam will condense upon the under side of the cover and fall back. This will prevent boiling away, and also the loss of much of the nutriment, which, in an open vessel, goes off with the steam. Boil the meat several hours, or until it is so thoroughly done that it will not hold together to be lifted with a fork. If there be any bones, take them out, since, if cooked enough, the meat will separate from them readily. Pack the meat by itself in a deep dish, mixing well together the lean and fat portions. Next, skim the fat, and boil the liquor down so that when poured over the meat it will just fill the spaces between the pieces. Then lay over the whole a flat cover, which will fit into the dish, put on a dozen or twenty pounds weight, and let it stand until cold. Several flat-irons, or a large stone will answer for the weight, or if convenient, it may be set under a cheese-press. Prepared in this way, the poorest piece of tough corned beef will be made tender and juicy. Boiling down and using the liquid saves the most nutritious portion, which is usually thrown away. The gelatine of the condensed gravy, when cold, forms a solid mass with the meat, which may then be cut up into slices for serving upon the table. If the fat and lean portions be mixed, when cut up cold the pieces will present a beautiful marbled appearance.

Corned beef prepared in this way, will not only be eaten with a superior relish, but it will not, on account of its toughness, be swallowed half masticated; it then produces irritation in the stomach, and yields only a portion of its substance as nutriment. Over the common process, there is only the extra trouble of the additional boiling and pressing, which are amply repaid by the saving of nutriment, while a cheaper quality of beef will be rendered wholesome and profitable. Try this mode, and you will not willingly go back to the hard boiled "inevitable salt junk."—*Agriculturist.*

Good Temper and Good Cooking.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* has a fancy that the quality of a meal depends very much upon the state of the cook's temper. Hear him: "It is astonishing how much the cheerfulness of a wife contributes to the happiness of home. We remember hearing a husband say that he could gauge the temper of his wife by the quality of her cooking; good temper even influenced the seasoning of her soups, and the lightness and delicacy of her pastry. When ill temper pervades, the pepper is dashed in as a cloud, perchance the top of the pepper box is included, as a kind of diminutive thunder-bolt; the salt is all in lumps, and the spices seem to betake themselves all to one spot in the puddings, as if dreading the frowning face above them. If there be a husband who could abuse the smiles of a really good-tempered wife, we should like to look at him! Among the elements of domestic happiness, the amiability of the wife and mother is of the utmost importance; it is one of the best securities for the Happiness of Home."

Cooking Dried Apples.—Wash sour dried apples, being careful to do it quickly, and put in a *porcelain kettle.* Have ready a tea kettle of boiling water, and pour over them, filling your preserve kettle. Cover closely, and as they require more water add *boiling.* When they are cooked tender, ready to pour out, have about the proportion of *three pints* of juice, to *three quarts* of the apple. If they are boiled *too dry* they will be strong and unpleasant, if too much water is left, insipid. *Do not sweeten* while warm, but as you wish them for the table—a tablespoonfull of sugar to a vegetable-dish full of the sauce. *Dried apples,* in this fruit growing country, are not usually counted among the *luxuries* of the table, but in this year of scarcity they will be found exceedingly palatable, prepared in the above manner—having much the flavor of the fresh fruit. If you wish them "extra" nice, add grated lemon peel, from a lemon *partly dried,* at the same time with the sugar. For pies, *sift as pumpkins,* adding small *bits* of lemon or orange peel.

Yeast.—Another correspondent of the same paper gives this receipt for good yeast: "One half gallon of peeled potatoes, one gallon of water, three large handfuls of hops. Take the potatoes, cut fine, and hops tied up in a bag; boil them in the water until the potatoes are done, then take the potatoes out, mash and run them through a cullender—put them back in the hop water, stirring until they boil; then pour the mixture over one pint of flour, add one cup of sugar, and half a cup of salt. After it is cool enough, add two cups of *good yeast,* let it stand until it is thoroughly blended, and ceases fermenting, then put it into a jug with the cork tied fast. It will keep two months, if kept in a cool place."

Hot Bread.—Dr. Bunting, who has watched the process of digestion through the hole in Alexis St. Martin's stomach, says that hot bread never digests! It tumbles about the stomach until it begins to ferment, and is eventually passed out undigested, as an unwelcome tenant. Think of this, ye hot biscuit eaters! Hot bread is a first-rate dyspepsia producer.

New Publications.

Twin Roses. A Narrative. By Anna Cora Ritchie, author of "Mimic Life," &c., &c., Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Mrs. Ritchie is a woman of true genius. She writes with fine dramatic effect, as well as skilful analysis, and touches with singular power the most delicate chords of feeling. "Twin Roses," her last book, is in her best vein. But we are of those who most earnestly desire to see her pen consecrated to a higher and nobler work than an attempt to throw attractions around the stage. Like a true woman, she passed through the fiery ordeal of an actor's life; but few have the high purpose by which she was nerved to sustain them. What we fear in her writings, is, that they will give, in many cases, the final impulse to the minds of ardent, imaginative girls, or young men vain of a little dramatic skill, and turn the scale of argument in favor of the actor's life—a life of artificial excitements, of miserable reactions, of unhealthy conditions of body and mind, and worse than all, of impure contacts and associations. The actor's life is a false life, and wronged nature too surely avenges herself. And so we repeat that we are of those who most earnestly desire to see Mrs. Ritchie's fine talents consecrated to nobler uses. She has the ability to impress high truths upon the common mind. Will she not do it in spheres of ideal life far beyond the remotest danger of misconception?

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By W. Elder. Philadelphia: *Childs & Peterson.*

The general desire to know something more about Dr. Kane than it was possible to gather from the deeply absorbing narrative of his Arctic explorations can now be gratified. Dr. Elder has furnished a biography that presents the man in all his varied individual aspects. We see him at home, in his civil relations, and in his public acts. In each of these we find much to interest, admire and emulate. The characteristics of the child show themselves in the man. He was independent, generous, and daring as a boy, and the world knows that he was eminently so as a man. His fame could not have been entrusted to better hands. Dr. Elder has given us an admirable piece of biography. The finished style challenges our admiration while we turn page after page, absorbed in portraiture, adventure, and vivid description. The book, we learn, is having a large sale, and we do not wonder that it is so. Our youth will read it with deep interest, and it will act as a spur to many a strong but sluggish spirit.

Discoveries in North and Central Africa. vols. I & II. By Henry Barth. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The explorations of Barth in Northern Central Africa, and Livingstone in Southern Central Africa, have opened a new world to our eyes, and given us new facts for new theories in regard to the destiny of a people whose condition has seemed so wholly debased as to shadow all the hopes of Christian philanthropists. Instead of discovering in the interior of Africa only desert and mountain, as the map-makers have it, the earth was found teeming with luxuriant vegetation, abounding in animal life, and populous with human beings. And these human beings, though ignorant of the arts of life, and sadly debased, showed less cruelty, and higher capabilities than the coast tribes. They had more intellectual force, and a better moral sense. What they want for the upward movement, is contact with trade, and protection at the same time from the vices and crimes of traders. Their country abounds in ivory, palm oil, cotton, coffee, &c., and if in exchange for these they are supplied with the useful articles of commerce, all temptation to sell prisoners as slaves is at once removed. Dr. Livingstone found many of the Chiefs anxious to trade, and very desirous to exchange ivory for articles of real utility.

The volumes of both Livingstone and Barth abound in facts and descriptions of the deepest interest, and have all the charm of a romance. Barth is very minute. He went south as far as the eighth degree of north latitude, while Livingstone went north to about the eighth degree of south latitude There remains, therefore, sixteen degrees north and south of the equator wholly unexplored. But the stimulus now given to African discovery will soon open that vast region to European eyes.

Space does not permit an analysis of these important volumes; we can only warmly commend them.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and Its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. vol. III. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The third volume of this new history of Spanish conquest and rule in America, fully sustains the excellent promise of its predecessors, and does great credit to the author, who, for a modern historian, takes the rather unusual course of passing by all modern writers, and going only to original sources. He wished to keep himself free from the bias of opinion, and to convey the exact impression made upon his mind by the original documents.

Guide to the Oracles. By Alfred Nevin, D. D., Author of "Spiritual Progression," "Churches of the Valley," &c. Lancaster: *Murray, Young & Co.*

A work of unpretending appearance, for the use, as the writer says in his preface, "of Sabbath school and Bible class teachers and scholars, and others who feel the need, as it is believed many do, of a convenient and compendious volume to which

they can at any time turn for information to aid them in understanding and defending the word of God."

LIFE STUDIES; or, How to Live. By the Rev. John Baillie, author of "Memoirs of Helvitson," "Adelaide Newton," &c. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Essentially a *good* book, and contains the biographies of Bunyan, Yersteegen, Montgomery, Perthes, and Mrs. Winslow, illustrating respectively the good soldier, the Christian laborer, the Christian man of letters, the Christian merchant, and the Christian mother. The style is earnest, practical, and impressive, and the true aims of life are unmistakeably set forth. The tone of "Pilgrim's Progress" pervades the whole volume, and the writer is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of John Bunyan.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

This book is something of a novelty in its way, presenting simply a fragmentary diary, beginning in 1810 and ending in 1822. It has been intimated that the author has given in the volume passages from her own life-history. Be this as it may, it abounds with interest, containing many pathetic episodes, descriptions of life-scenes, and records of taste; and, moreover, is full to the brim of a beautiful Christian philosophy. We commend it to our countrywomen.

THE PLANT HUNTERS; or Adventures among the Himalaya Mountains. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With illustrations. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Capt. Reid has a taking way with the young folks, and a most happy knack of spiriting them off into almost unknown regions, and surrounding them with wonderfully exciting adventures. Every new book he writes is a kind of new Robinson Crusoe, and is received by the boys with a shout of pleasure. The "Plant Hunters" is bound to have a "run."

RURAL AFFAIRS. A Practical and copiously Illustrated Register of Rural Economy and Taste. By J. J. Thomas. Albany: *Luther Tucker.*

A perfect *vade mecum* for the farmer, gardener, or rural gentleman.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

JESSIE BROWN.

EVERY woman has, or ought to have taken a peculiar interest in the East India war, that fearful tragedy of the Summer of eighteen hundred and fifty seven, for woman has here borne a part, and occupied a position such as she has not often occupied among the nations of the earth; aye, and the great rallying cry of this battle has been the name and the honor of *woman!*

When the tidings of an insurrection among the Sepoys of India first reached us last Summer, nobody felt any especial interest or sympathy with either party; nay, it might have been that what existed of these was partially with the insurgents; for this revolt was felt by many to be the rising up of the oppressed against the oppressors, the long delayed retaliation of a people who had borne what the weak usually have to bear from the strong, and whom long years of unjust taxation and petty tyrannies had at last goaded to rebellion.

But a little later there rose a cry from that far off land, seated in its wondrous tropical beauty on the blue waters of the Indian ocean; a cry that smote the heart of Christendom as the heart of a single man.

No wonder there was swift arming in noble's hall, and by peasant's hearthstone, for the moans of murdered women, and the cries of slaughtered children, came piteously across the Summer waters, and roused all the old Teutonic chivalry in the heart of the nation, and throughout the land strong men with blanched faces lifted their hands and swore to avenge the wrongs of woman, in the name of the God of battles!

Oh, it is this reverence for woman that shines a bright and steady light over all the darkness and barbarism of the early Teutonic race; it is this that, next to the Bible, has placed the Saxon nation so far above all the nations of the earth, the brightest star of all her stars of strength and glory.

But through all the sickening and revolting details of this war the newspapers have given us pictures of scenes, which, for tragical power and living pathos, surpass the history of any war the earth has ever witnessed. What painter ever conceived of a scene like the one where that band of soldiers clustered around the body of the murdered girl, and each reverently receiving one of the tresses that had crowned her young head in life and innocence, bent with haggard brows and fiery eyes over their fearful task of counting the hairs therein, before they all lifted their hands and swore that for every one of these another life should make recompense.

Oh, English maiden girl! terrible as was thy fate in the fair land of thy father's adoption, surely thou wast avenged, and it may be from the grave made by thy foul murderers, thy voice, could it speak, would come back softly to us,

"In the midst of wrath, remember mercy!"

Who, too, has not read the letter of that lady of Lucknow. We pity the man or the woman who could do it with dry eyes and steady voice.

How simple she tells her story—a story, that, for tragical interest and heroic patience, has never, in all the annals of ancient or modern history, been surpassed. Here, in the heart of this practical nineteenth century, was enacted a drama, whose scenes of terror, despair, and final deliverance, exceeded all that it ever entered into the heart of genius to conceive of. The days of the Cæsars, the wars of the Crusades, never furnished a tragedy like this. Just think of it! Those helpless women had been imprisoned for months, in the Residency at Lucknow, with only that little band of brave men to stand between them and a death so terrible that imagination turns away sickened and appalled at the thought; but one can well conceive how that "unutterable horror," at Cawnpore, only a few miles distant, haunted them by night and by day, seemingly a frightful prophecy of the fate that awaited them. Their foes, "fifty thousand against a few hundred," were pressing closer and closer—foes who carried beneath the faces of men hearts before which it seemed fiends must shrink abashed.

Yet how calmly writes that brave lady from Lucknow! "We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, which we performed day and night."

She had gone out to render some offices of this kind with "Jessie Brown," the wife of a corporal in her husband's regiment. Worn out with fatigue and that haunting terror of the to come, the two women sank upon the ground.

Poor Jessie wrapped her Scotch plaid about her, and laid her head in her mistress's lap. "A constant fever consumed her, and she had fallen away visibly for the last few days," while her thoughts continually wandered away to the purple hills and green valleys of her Scotch home. How touching are those words: "I promised to awaken her when, as she said, her father should return from the ploughing!" So the poor Scotch woman sank to her sleep, under those burning midnight skies, amid dreams of her cool, native heather, and of the peaceful cottage threshhold where she watched for her father's coming at nightfall.

Her companion, too, sank into a troubled slumber, though the cannon was roaring near her, for the brave little band on the batteries, though all hope had now forsaken them, had resolved only to yield with their lives.

Suddenly a wild, unearthly scream struck through the lady's slumber. She opened her eyes, and there stood Jessie Brown, her figure upright, and her white, sharpened face bent eagerly forward. Suddenly the light of a great joy overswept her face. She bent forward and grasped the lady's hands, and drew her close to her, crying with quivering lips, "Dinna ye hear it! Dinna ye hear it! It's the Slogan, o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!"

Ah, she knew it, she knew it! the old war cry of her Highland home. *Her* ears had caught, through all the din and roar of artillery, the music of her native mountains. What pen can tell the joy that filled the Scotch woman's soul at those well remembered sounds, or with what feelings she knelt down and blessed the God of her fathers for this deliverance!

But the poor English lady heard nothing of this. The "rattle of the musketry" only broke the stillness of night, and she thought "Jessie was still raving" as she sprang to the batteries, and her voice rang up loud and clear above all the roar of the fight:

"Courage! courage! hark to the Slogan—to the Macgregor—the grandest o' them a'—here's help at last!"

As her voice pealed along the line, a new hope sprang to the hearts of those worn out men. They ceased firing, and listened as the dying listen for some hope of life. But they only heard the tread of the enemy, and the sound of the Sappers; and the Colonel shook his head, and the men's heads sank again, and the wail of the women who had flocked to the spot at that cry of joy rose up and filled the midnight with moans.

Then Jessie, who had sunk on the ground sprang up, and her voice rose and vibrated once more in triumphant certainty along the line: "Will ye no' believe it noo! The Slogan indeed has ceased, but the Campbells are coming! D' ye hear! d' ye hear!"

And then they *did* hear it—those wailing women—those worn out men! Sharp and clear there swelled, above the thunder of the cannon, the pibroch of the Highlanders, and they knew that deliverance was at hand. No wonder they thought "the voice of God" was in the blast of the Scottish bagpipes; no wonder they all sank on their knees, and the strong man, and the feeble woman, and the lisping child, sobbed out from hearts too full for words their thanks unto Him who had "given them the victory." Oh, speaking as men speak, would it not have been worth some years of a lifetime, to have been with that little band at Lucknow as it rose up, and to have joined in the shout which swelled from a thousand lips, and rolled down to the Highland regiment, as it never rolled before, "*God save the Queen!*"

How the sound must have thrilled the hearts of the Highlanders, as they answered loud and eager with that sweet old tune,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

No, blessed be God! they had not forgotten "auld lang syne;" for through toil and weariness, and forced marches, under those burning skies, they had come, bringing deliverance, when, had they delayed for rest through another day, *all would have been over!*"

Oh, Jessie Brown! Jessie Brown! brave Scotch woman, you had your reward when they led you before the General, whose name his country will delight to honor, as he entered the Fort that night, and when your health was drunken at the officer's banquet, and the pipers marched round the table to the sweet tune of auld lang syne. You shall have your reward, too, in knowing that, wherever, over all the earth, the English tongue is spoken, your name shall be a household word, honored and beloved!

And when many years have passed away, and we sit, gray haired grandfathers and grandmothers, amid our homes, and our grand-children gather in the long winter evening around us, and listen eagerly while we tell them of the fearful slaughter of Cawnpore, we will tell them also of the deliverance at Lucknow, and the brave story of "*Jessie Brown.*"

V. F. T.

NEAPOLITAN PEASANTRY. (*See Illustration*)

Well, you do look happy, there's no denying that, in your picturesque costumes, burdened with the gold and purple fruits of that country so glorious in its skies, and mountains, and valleys, a joy for all the earth to behold; and yet, alas! a country whose moral, political, and social degradation saddens the soul of every philanthropist who wanders through its purple vintages and among its valleys, which are like fair gardens filled with all rare and beautiful flowers.

But what is life to you, oh, Neapolitan peasantry! this life, "earnest and awful, beautiful and terrible as death!" A mingled scene of pleasure and penance, poverty and Summer plenty, and ye lie down, and "go to your own place."

Those children have very sweet faces, looking out the one from clustering curls, the other from the vine leaves that so gracefully wreathe the head, and yet they are not half so fair to us as the light of earnest intelligence that beams from the face of some New England child, whose mind is just dawning into comprehension of some of the grand truths of the Bible, and whose intellect is struggling to grasp the wondrous intricacies of the multiplication table.

Well, you will go on, finding what of happiness you can in your carnivals, your festivals, and your ever returning holidays; but we thank God for our red country school houses, our Sabbath schools, and enough of pleasure for the children of our clime and nation, and our Thanksgivings, our Christmases, and our independence.

V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do wish we had some balm for all the heart aches, for all the ills and sorrows of which you write us, but we have none for our own, or others, except faith in God's love, which is the only anchor for the soul, the only light amid all the blindness, and pain, and weariness, with which we walk the way that is appointed to us.

Yet, as William Prime says: "It's a pretty good world after all," and it's best to take it with philosophy.

And then, dear friends, for by this name your letters show we may call you, every year teaches us that the knots of this life have a wonderful faculty of disentangling themselves. We outgrow some troubles; others we see from different stand points; we learn patience; and then, time and change happens to all men.

Especially avoid a morbid frame of mind. The habit of indulging or cultivating this is most pernicious to health of soul or body, and fatal to all right feeling, influence, or life.

It will make you and all around you wretched. Don't sink under any trial, fancied or real, and the chances are greatly in favor of your triumphing in the end.

Sorrow and death must come to all men; but God has not left the grave without its light and its hope, brighter than the fairest hopes of this world, and when we who now "see through the glass darkly, know as we are known," with what different feelings shall we look upon the trials and discipline of this world!

"Every position and duty has its ideal," and it is well to remember this; not that one ought to sit down quietly, and be contented with a sphere in life that does not allow him or herself every possibility of development; that is not the *best* for the growth and nourishment of one's faculties, whatever they may be; only, dear reader, make the best of the place you do occupy, and if you are certain it is not the one God intended for you, get out of it as soon as possible, remembering that nothing is ever accomplished without energy, and that every soul under God makes his own fate. What you earnestly, resolutely, and reverently resolve to be, reader, you *shall* be, no matter how insuperable seem the obstacles that lie in your path, or what physical and social difficulties stand between you and the attainment of your object.

"Then in life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness;
Nor prize the colored waters less;
For in thy darkness and distress
New life and strength they give.

"And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live."

V. F. T.

THE LESSON IS YOUR'S.

A correspondent in poor health, passages from whose excellent, womanly letters we have copied more than once into the *Home Magazine*, writes to us as follows, on the occasion of sending an article for our pages. Her letter was not meant for your

eyes, fair reader; but its suggestions and life experiences are of value, and we cannot let the good it contains die. Years ago, the writer of this letter regarded herself as just on the eve of departure—so frail was the earthly tenement that enshrined her soul. But she still lives on, an earnest worker, not an idle repiner. Sustaining natural life has flowed in with the unselfish purposes that inspired her soul. Action has given a new vitality. That which rust would have destroyed long ago, work has kept bright and firm. But our preface is getting too long. Here is the pleasant letter. Take it, with its lessons.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR.—Your kind letter of Nov. 4th, came when I was quite ill. The Fall and the Spring weather try my lungs severely; but I am much better now, and have a stronger hope of eventual restoration to health than I have before indulged since my illness.

I usually delay given even a thought to writing for you, until I see the last article I have sent you in print; but anxiety to thank you for the pleasure your remembrance of me conferred, has led me to write the accompanying brief article as an excuse for writing you. I find I have written few of the ideas which I intended to note down. When I took my pen, I was thinking of the phrase "you ought to continue to write," which you once addressed to me. Now, Mr. Arthur, begging your pardon if I seem rude, I have, each time I have thought of that letter, wished to whisper very softly in your ear that you should have qualified that injunction, since you could not know what my duty might be. It makes no difference, even if I hold a pen calculated to do good in the world; my home duties stand first; not one of them should be neglected for writing. Then come all the friends who look to me for a portion of their happiness; think you, I should neglect those for a public, who have already before them better lessons than I can hope to teach them!

When you wrote the sentence above referred to, I was thinking of using my pen only for the pleasure of my correspondents, as it then seemed my duty to devote every energy to housekeeping and teaching. In teaching the young, one is sure of exerting an influence for good, if she labor earnestly, while writing for the public is but throwing good seed by the wayside.

Since then, I have often written that I might forget physical pain. These nerves of our's lose the greater part of their torturing power, if we send our minds and souls out of their reach. Story writing is an excellent antidote for pain. One of the pleasantest ones I ever penned, was written when I was not only too weak to sit up, but suffering from a racking tooth-ache. Writing does not fatigue one as realizing pain does.

I believe it my duty to write what I may without neglecting other things.

Healthy mental exercise keeps the mind in tune, and only yesterday my physician repeated a fact to me, which I knew very well before, namely, that I owe my life, humanly speaking, to my unusual buoyancy of spirit. I still take medicine; have been obliged to draw a blister within a week, and yet, I am full of hope. My mind has been unusually active, for me, since the New Year came in, as you will believe, when I tell you this is the eighth letter I have penned, besides writing an article for the press last week, of more than double the length of the accompanying, and this. Almost daily, since I cannot go out, I see occasion to write notes to some one of my friends, and besides these things, I do the cooking for my family, some sewing, take care of the wee one, who is now leaning by my side waiting for a frolic with Mamma, which he is entitled to, I believe.

Later—Baby boy thought his mother was growing altogether too egotistical this afternoon, I suppose. He is a nice little monitor, and I am not likely to go wrong long at a time without his claiming attention, or right either, for that matter. I was noting an unusual activity of mind, that is, unusual for my state of health. Does it presage returning health, or a higher life? For my boy's sake I hope the former, and I believe so.

I hope you will like the accompanying article, since you owe it really to yourself. Your thought gave impetus to mine. You probably wrote without fully realizing the earnest meaning of the word *ought*. Thus it is that our light words come back to us, after echoing in another heart for years.

January 15, 1858.

"FORGET-ME-NOTS."

We hope "Ruth Rustic's generosity will pardon us for delaying so long to acknowledge the reception of her gracefully titled volume of Poems, "Forget-me-Nots."

We shall give the reader occasionally some strains from the sweet, gentle lyre of this daughter of the South, hoping they may be gathered into the hearts of those who have here and there become crystallized *Forget-me-Nots*. V. F. T.

Here is one:

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Holy Father, through the day
Thou hast gently cleared my way,
And from morn to eventide
Hast thou been my constant guide;
Thus, as gleams the twilight dew
In the violet's eye of blue,
And while lilies offer up
Incense in their fragrant cup,
I would on the bended knee
Send up heart-praise, Lord, to Thee!

Oh! if on my sunny path
I have caused one shade of wrath,
If a sinful thought hath rest
In the calm lake of my breast,
Scatter every wave of sin,
Mirror but thyself within;
Through the coming scenes of life,
With their struggle, with their strife,
Let me feel that Thou art near,
Calming every doubt and fear.

Then shall thornless flowers bloom,
Stars light up this "vale of gloom."
Holy Father, whilst I sleep,
Let thine angels vigils keep
Round my couch, with wings outspread,
Shielding my defenceless head;
And if I should pass away
Ere the rosy dawn of day,
Yet my spirit 'mid the night
Shall go forth with "robes of light."

☞ All articles for insertion, should be addressed to the Editor of the Home Magazine. Those of a personal, or private character, sent to the Editress, will, so far as is possible, receive her answer through our columns.

THE THEATRE.

Much has been said for and against the drama; but one thing is very certain, it is no mere prejudice that makes fathers so anxious to keep their sons away from the theatre. They know too well, that its atmosphere is corrupt, and that allurements to vice present themselves there in most fascinating aspects. A great deal is said about the theatre as a school of morals; but we think with a certain preacher in our city, that the morality "sandwiched between a drinking saloon and the third tier," is not likely to possess a very large share of saving virtue, especially for young men. The good which the drama ought to give, is largely overbalanced by the evil it countenances; and theorize as we may about the great moral power of scenic representations, so long as the theatre remains what it now is, a pander to licentiousness and intemperance, parents who look to the true welfare of their children, will dread it as a pest house.

THE WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE.—For family use, where the larger proportion of work is on muslin and linen, there seems to be a very general agreement in the opinion that the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine is the best. It may be a little more difficult in the beginning to learn how to use it, and it may require a little more care in the use; but there is no question as to the work being finer and neater, as applied to muslin and linen. In our family, the Wheeler & Wilson is preferred.

We have had one in use for some months, and it does its work admirably. Previously, we had one of Singer's Machines, which, for cloth and heavy work, was found all that could be desired; but as a family sewing machine, our report is decidedly in favor of Wheeler & Wilson's. The Grover & Baker machine, is highly recommended; but of this we cannot speak from personal knowledge.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE *North American* says of the "Lady's Book," which has no rival, "This publication so well advertises itself by its large circulation, and the uniform favorable testimony of its readers to its excellence and usefulness, that any recommendation outside of its own large bailiwick, seems superfluous; yet it is a pleasure to record our good opinion of a periodical which has so long kept the even tenor of its way, making no changes, except such as improved facilities have suggested, and still maintaining its individual character as a Lady's Book."

"THE HOME."

This is the title of a monthly Magazine, published in Buffalo, New York, and edited by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey, which we can heartily recommend. Its aims are pure and elevated; and the literary quality of its articles always superior. Mrs. Arey is doing a good work for the homes of her sister countrywomen.

☞ "For the past year," writes a lady, "your Magazine has been a welcome monthly visitor at my country home, and I have learned to love it, as we love only those, who, through kind and frank loving, yet free heart-words, stir the 'fountains far down,' and waken within higher and purer longings, stronger and more holy aspirations, after the 'things that fade not,' the untarnished jewels of right action, pure heart, and strong faith. Your work is a noble one, and slightly as my praise-gift may be valued, it has the merit of coming from *the heart*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Timely Counsel" contains valuable suggestions on the subject of home education, and justly reproves the conduct of those parents who think more of their ease and pleasure than of their children's moral culture. But the writer needs a little more skill and experience in composition. That will come in good time.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR, & VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

VOLUME XII.

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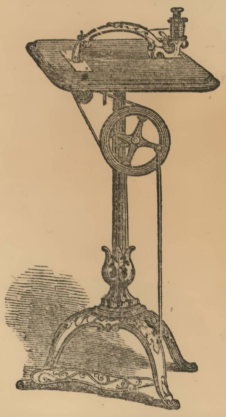

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